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SECOND THOUSAND.

LONDON
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249 g. 118*

A SEQUEL

TO

THE FEMALE JESUIT;

CONTAINING HER PREVIOUS HISTORY
AND RECENT DISCOVERY.

BY MRS. S. LUKE,

AUTHOR OF "THE FEMALE JESUIT; OR, THE SPY IN THE FAMILY."

SECOND THOUSAND.

LONDON:
PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY,
34, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 70, EDGWARE ROAD.

MDCCCLII.

249. g. 168*

MEADEN, PRINTER, 13, GOUGH SQUARE, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.

THE readers of "The Female Jesuit; or, The Spy in the Family" will not be surprised to hear more of Marie; and the sale of nearly four thousand copies, in less than twelve months, justifies the conclusion that its numerous readers will be anxious to learn the issue.

The previous tale left Marie's real character an enigma, and her origin a mystery. Recent disclosures have to a great extent cleared up these; and as one of the main objects of the previous volume was to elicit information, it is a point of honour to make known her real character. How singularly the publication of her narrative has led to the development of her history, will appear in the present volume.

It is right to say, that when dismissed from Cromwell Terrace, the family among whom she

had so long intrigued, did not think her a Jesuit agent. Dark and mysterious shadows, indeed, rested on her origin and character; and it seemed scarcely possible that she could have carried out her previous plots without accomplices; but it was not until the suggestion had been reiterated by intelligent friends, and the after-discovery of some of her proceedings appeared to give countenance to the suggestion, that this impression fixed itself upon their minds. The theory of her being a Jesuit agent, was even then put forth only as a suspicion; and the result of subsequent information is now submitted to the public.

After the detection of Marie's fraud, no immediate thought of publishing a book was entertained. So far from this, a letter containing an outline of her intrigues was sent to the "Times" newspaper, to caution the public. After waiting some weeks, a friend inquired at Printing House Square, and found that the statement was deemed too extraordinary to be believed. A second copy was sent, attested by witnesses; but for some unexplained reason it was not inserted. Had that letter found admission into the columns of the "Times," "The Female Jesuit" might not have appeared. The necessity which thus prompted

it, cannot now be regretted; and the public interest has justified the publication.

Several kind friends have contributed information for the present volume; amongst whom, the writer expresses her obligations to the Rev. G. Cunliffe, A.M., the Rev. R. G. Milne, and Mrs. Jobson: also to John Townshend, Esq., through whose kindness the sketches of the Pymrydd Mill, and the Valley of the Dee, have been supplied: as also to other parties, whom she is not permitted to mention by name.

The writer has carefully avoided trespassing on the period of Marie's residence with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seager, to whose proposed work, entitled "The Female Jesuit Abroad," frequent reference is made in the following pages.

In the former volume, the names were withheld from a wish to avoid unnecessary publicity; but many doubts having been expressed as to the truth of the narrative, it is now authenticated by the insertion of the names in full.

March 1st, 1852.

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SEQUEL TO "THE FEMALE JESUIT."

ERRATA.

Page 62, *and elsewhere, for* "Mr. and Mrs. Seager" *read* "Mr. and Mrs. C. Seager."
64, *for* "fourteen months" *read* "thirteen."
86, *for* "Rome" *read* "Bonn."
99, *omit* "to see."
120, *for* "youngest" *read* "younger."
140, *for* "tenure" *read* "tenor."
199, *for* "perpetual" *read* "perpetually."
201, *for* "began" *read* "begun."

been received by the writer, some offering different solutions of "Marie's" case, and some reporting other instances of deception more or less similar. Many of these cases, in various particulars, so closely resembled her line of procedure, that it seemed for a time as if she had possessed the power of animating many bodies at once, and that her name must have been "Legion." Several literary and medical correspondents having been disposed to regard her case as a singular mental developement, under the technical designation of "Simulative Hysteria," it has been considered that a brief outline of a few of these instances may not be without their use.

It will be seen that such cases, though greatly inferior to that of "Marie" in talent and ingenuity, are far from being so uncommon as might be supposed, and the recital will tend to put the public on their guard. It may also assist in the fuller investigation of that class of subjects, and of the mental and moral phenomena which they are supposed to indicate.

The first case which came under notice was that of a nun said to have escaped from the convent at Banbury, in 1851. She represented herself as having been convinced of the errors of Romanism by the accidental reading of a New Testament; and through the children of the poor school she entered into correspondence with the vicar, and other Protestants of that town. The circumstances of her exit, as described by herself, much resembled that of Marie. It was subsequently stated, that she had been threatened with dismissal from the convent on account of lightness and impropriety of deportment, and that it was at this juncture that she endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of Protestants. It was proved that her father and other relatives were Protestant, and that she had been educated accordingly, and the tale of the New Testament must therefore have been a fiction. The management of the whole affair bore so strong a resemblance to Marie's species of tactics, that for some little time the "Olympia Mather," alias "Olympia Fitz-Allan" of Banbury, was thought to be the same person under another name. Two points of difference at length proved their

individuality. It appeared that the Banbury nun had red hair, whereas Marie's was black; and that the former spoke French fluently, which Marie could not do.

Then came a more romantic tale of a gentleman who had, a few years before, been entrapped into marriage with a young lady nineteen years of age. L—— M—— represented herself as the orphan daughter of Major M——, and that she had been compelled to leave her guardian's house in consequence of his efforts to induce her to marry his son. After her marriage she was introduced to her husband's relations, who were charmed with her varied talents, and her account of her foreign life in France and Spain. She stated that her father had been a favourite of Napoleon, and described her presentation at court, her dress, its value, &c. She corresponded with two rich aunts, and a brother, in the 60th rifles, at that time abroad; and had letters from them to show how handsome her fortune would be when she came of age. Many months passed, till at length the doubts of the husband's family having been awakened by a series of disappointments, no answers having been received to their letters, and appointments made by them or for them with the guardian and other friends always broken, they resolved to investigate the affair. They had great difficulty in inducing the poor husband to consent, so persuaded was he of the good faith of his fascinating wife. They met her, and went into the affair. Much

of the mystery was at length unravelled, though much remained. It appeared that she had another husband living, and that the whole of her story was a fabrication

The correspondence with the brother and rich aunts, the tales of foreign life and the promised fortune, were so like Marie's fictions, that again the thought was entertained whether the two were one and the same person. But, on closer inquiry, it appeared that L—— M—— had ever since resided abroad, a small pension having been guaranteed to her so long as she remained out of the country.

A third deceiver had imposed upon the Rev. W. L. Poore of Manchester. She was young, pretty, fascinating, and possessed of great natural talent. She had a tale of a cruel father and a priest who were in pursuit of her, and of a threatened convent in which she was to be immured for life. Some of her statements were investigated and proved to be correct, and the others were believed in consequence. A glance at her ill-written letters, however, proved that this was not Marie. She had received much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Poore and their friends, for a length of time before her falsehood was discovered. It appeared that she had a father and an aunt able to support her, and that he had wished to place her in a convent-school for the improvement of her education; but that a thoroughly indolent disposition which could endure no exertion but novel-reading, combined with a passion for romance and

deception, had led her to choose out her own path, and that young as she was, she had imposed upon not a few.

Other instances were communicated to the Rev. S. Luke in confidence, by parties who had been the sufferers, and were with more or less difficulty distinguished from Marie's case.

One story only need be added to those already given. Romantic as it may seem, it is strictly true, and to this day it remains doubtful whether it was or was not Marie. The parties concerned incline to think that it was, though eight years having passed away, it is almost impossible to ascertain the fact.

At a village near M——, in the county of Cheshire, there lived a worthy farmer of the name of M——. One summer evening at the period of which we speak, there came to the door of the farm-house a youth in shabby attire, but with the appearance and manners of a gentleman. He addressed Mrs. M——, who was within, and requested a glass of water. To Mrs. M.'s offer of a glass of whey, he replied that he did not know what that was. She asked him in, and gave him the whey. While engaged in conversation with her, the rest of the family returned, and a thunder-storm coming on, he was asked to stay to tea. As they sat round the tea-table, he became very communicative, and informed them that he was a boy in Dr. Butler's school at Shrewsbury, but had had a quarrel with one of the ushers, and fearing disgrace, had run away. He

said that he was trying to get back to his friends in Staffordshire, and had pawned his clothes to meet his necessities. His apparent artlessness so interested the family, that they lent him thirty shillings to pay his travelling expenses to Staffordshire. He parted from them with his spirits greatly cheered, and promised to revisit them shortly.

In a fortnight or three weeks from that time, he did come again, well dressed, returned them with thanks their friendly loan, informed them that his matters were pleasantly arranged, and said that he was come to stay a little while with them on his way back to Shrewsbury. They gave him a cordial welcome, and he was soon perfectly at his ease. Cheerful, artless, and unreserved in his manner, he won their entire confidence: they invited their friends to meet him, and he was lionized and fêted in that simple neighbourhood. He seemed very studious, and talked much of Latin and Greek, and not less of the gentry round, with all of whom he appeared to be on terms of intimacy; being himself, according to his own statement, the son of a nobleman.

One day when talking with great volubility of a gentleman who lived on his own estate, at about twelve miles' distance, a listener happened to be present who was acquainted with the subject of his conversation. He called Mr. M—— aside, and told him that the statements of his guest were untrue, and that he felt convinced that the youth was not what he professed to be.

Startled by this communication, Mr. M—— agreed

to accompany his informant to the residence of the gentleman in question, and there ascertain the facts. They went, and found that the whole story was false from beginning to end. They also learned that the constable of that place was on the look out for a young man answering the description of Mr. M.'s visitor, for some impositions practised on parties at Tarporley.

The constable accompanied Mr. M—— and his friend to O——, and the youth was given in charge. He pulled a pistol from his breast, and dared the constable to touch him. Young and slightly built he was soon overpowered, and then he earnestly entreated to be allowed to speak to *Mrs.* M—— *alone.* She consented, and he then communicated to her the information that he was *a young woman.* The servants had seen some portion of female apparel peeping out of the visitor's carpet bag, and had wondered, but now the mystery was explained. On hearing this statement the parties were indisposed to press the case. She was allowed to go free, and has not since been heard of. This occurred, however, in the neighbouring locality of Marie's early history, and as the age corresponds, there is at least a presumption that it may have been herself.

At length, however, circumstances transpired with which Marie was clearly identified, and which will be narrated at length in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER II.

MARIE AND METHODISM.

Some few weeks had elapsed after the publication of "The Female Jesuit," in February, 1851, when a lady called at the house of the writer, and sent in her card. She was shown into the drawing-room, and introduced herself to Mrs. Luke. "I am a stranger to you," she said, "but I will soon explain the purport of my visit. It relates to a book of which I have been informed that you are the author—the 'Female Jesuit.'" Mrs. L. assented. "I am the wife of a Wesleyan minister. In 1847 we resided in Manchester, and there the heroine of your book made our acquaintance. She came to us under another name, but I do not think we can be mistaken, as we immediately recognized the likeness. I have brought some of her letters that we may compare the writing, and shall be obliged by a sight of the original portrait."

The letters were read and compared, the portraits examined, and the story told; and as Mrs. Jobson has kindly acceded to Mrs. L.'s request, and committed her tale to paper, it shall be given to the public in her own words.

"Dear Mrs. Luke,

"Being fully satisfied from a comparison of our letters, as well as from other corroborative circumstances, that you and I have had similar impositions practised upon us by the same artful individual, whom you describe in your publication as 'The Female Jesuit; or, the Spy in the Family.' I write down, according to your request, the principal circumstances connected with her introduction and visit to me.

"It was on a Monday morning in May, 1847, during the period when Mr. Jobson, as a Wesleyan minister, was stationed in Manchester, that I first saw her. She called at our house in Radnor Street, early in the morning, and requested to be permitted to speak with the Rev. Mr. Jobson. She was shown by the servant into the parlour, where I was sitting alone; and, after bowing politely as she entered, and repeating her request to see Mr. Jobson, she proceeded to tell me who she was, and for what she came. She said, 'As a stranger I have to apologize to you for my intrusion into your house; but having been convinced last evening, through hearing a sermon preached by Mr. Jobson, of the error and danger of my state as a Roman Catholic and a sinner, I judged it best to seek an interview with him without delay, and to solicit further instruction.' I replied that Mr. Jobson was engaged in his study, but I was sure, that under such circumstances, he would not deem her visit an intrusion upon his time, and that he would rejoice to give her the instruction

she desired. I informed Mr. Jobson of the presence and object of our visitor. He immediately left his study and came into the parlour; when, after a few introductory sentences, she proceeded to relate to us, in general, the circumstances of her life, and of her conviction of the errors of Romanism. As far as I can remember, she said, 'I am an orphan, now residing in the house, and under the protection, of the Honorable B. Trelawney, of Plas Bower, in North Wales. My father was an officer in the same regiment with that gentleman; and dying when with him on foreign service, he committed me to his charge, and since then he has kindly acted as my guardian. I am not entirely dependent upon him for support; for, as the child of a deceased officer, I have a pension from the government. Mr. Trelawney has been always exceedingly kind to me, and most attentive to my interests. He has had me carefully educated, and during the two last years of my education, I was in a convent near London. Since then I have resided in his house; and though I have acted as preceptress to his children, yet I have been uniformly treated as one of the family. I came over to visit the family of Major Ormond, at Didsbury; and, last evening, finding myself late for the Roman Catholic service in the new chapel near to Stretford Road, I was returning home, when, as I passed a large chapel in Oxford Road, there issued from it the sound of many voices singing together. I went in, ascended the gallery stairs, and was shown into a seat. The

scene was singularly novel to me, for I had never been into a Protestant place of worship before; and though the unrobed appearance of the minister, and his giving out of the hymn by two lines at a time, struck me as peculiar, yet the earnest devotion of the large congregation, singing harmoniously together, awed me greatly, and bowed down my whole nature with feeling. At the close of the hymn, Mr. Jobson commenced his sermon, on the lamentation of Christ over Jerusalem. I saw the compassionate character of the Saviour as I had never seen it before, and wept greatly. I have been kept awake through the night, thinking of what I heard; and, having also thought much of the difference between the teaching which last evening so greatly affected me, and that of the Romish Church, and, also, of my past unsatisfied and sinful life, I am greatly shaken in my confidence in the faith in which I have been educated; am greatly distressed under the burden of my sinfulness and danger; and have come here for directions as to what I ought to do.'

"Mr. Jobson spoke to her, generally, on the surpassing importance of the soul's salvation, and on the scriptural way in which it is to be sought. He advised her to count deliberately the cost of what she felt to be her duty to do; and, after a full consideration of the sacrifices she would probably have to make if she forsook the Church in which she had been brought up, and to which her patron and friends belonged, to inquire of herself if she was prepared, at such a price, to act ac-

cording to her altered views and convictions. She said that she had already thought of what would probably be the consequences of becoming a Protestant; that she had no doubt such a step would issue in her forfeiting the favour of the Trelawneys; of her uncle, who was in a high ecclesiastical office in Dublin; and also, of her only brother, who was in the army abroad, and who was expecting shortly to obtain leave to visit her. The danger to which she would be exposed from the influences of Romish priests in Wales was also spoken of by her: there was reason to fear that she would be clandestinely carried off to a convent abroad, and immured in it for life. But after thinking of these things, she felt that the motive of eternal life was so powerful, that she was prepared to act according to her convictions, at the risk of any sacrifice she might have to make. She also said that her doubts concerning the truth of the Romish religion had been strengthening for some years past; that when in the convent she frequently felt her sinfulness, and sought deliverance from it by prayers to St. Catherine, her patron saint, and by long and painful penances which she performed; but these affording her no effectual relief, she at times questioned the truth and reality of her religion. And that, since then, she had been so surprised by the difference of the teaching of the New Testament—a copy of which she had one day accidentally found in Mr. Trelawney's library, and which she had secretly read—that she was in some measure prepared for the more full conviction of the truth, as

it had been brought home to her mind by the sermon of the preceding evening.

"Mr. Jobson had some further conversation with her on the knowledge she had of the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome; for having himself been brought up in association with some of the most intelligent members of that Church, he knew more concerning its doctrines and practices, than Protestants who have not been so situated; but finding nothing in her statements opposed to his own knowledge, he considered them to be true. Having learned from her that she was likely to remain in the neighbourhood until Friday, he gave her some further directions for seeking the salvation of her soul, and invited her to take tea with me on Thursday evening, by which time he would have selected for her some books suited to her state of mind. This, she said she should be glad to do. Mr. Jobson returned to his study, leaving her with me for further conversation.

"After her departure, I went to Mr. Jobson; and having noticed a more than ordinary reserve in his manner while conversing with her, as well as the great prominence he gave to the difficulties and sacrifices of her proposed course, I asked him if he did not think that he had been a little too cautious and discouraging in what he had said. He replied he had been so intentionally; not that he disbelieved her statements, but as she was an entire stranger to him, he thought it well, before giving himself unreservedly to her case, to make

such enquiries as her statements permitted; and then, if satisfied of their truth, he would render all the counsel and assistance necessary.

On Thursday evening she came and took tea with me. Mr. Jobson being from home, attending a meeting of the ministers of the Manchester district, we conversed at length upon her convent life, her situation as an orphan, and her state as an enquirer for salvation; and, feeling deeply interested in her case, I engaged to correspond with her on matters felt by her to be the most important. She gave me her address in writing, which was, 'Miss Lucy Grantham Gardiner, at the Honourable B. Trelawney's, Plas Bower, near Denbigh, North Wales.'

"As she stated that she was to leave by the Chester train on Friday morning, at a certain time, Mr. Jobson, without a word having been said that would lead her to expect his doing so, went at that time to the Railway station, found her there ready to leave, and with the books he had given her in her hand, as if intending to read them in the carriage. This, with favourable answers to enquiries we had made concerning names and residences she had mentioned in her conversations with us, seemed to leave little room to doubt her truthfulness.

"After her return to Wales, I received a letter from her every week, each of which I answered, with the hope of affording to her suitable counsel in her difficult and dangerous circumstances. The letters sent were,

at first, addressed to her according to the direction she had given me; and her references to their contents, as well as her formal acknowledgments of their safe arrival, proved that she received them. In her letters to me, she dwelt much upon the delicacy and the trial of the duty to be performed—namely, that of acquainting her friends with the change which her mind had undergone in regard to the Protestant and Romish religions. She expressed her shuddering fears of the curses of the church she was about to leave; curses which she said would be publicly pronounced upon her; and the dread she had of the anger of a Father Carberry, (the private priest of the family of the Trelawneys), to whom she had been accustomed to make confession; and whose power over her feelings she found it difficult to throw off. She also related to me circumstances concerning her uncle and brother; and described pleasure-parties, and fêtes of archery, &c., in which she professed to have lost all interest, through her serious attention of late to spiritual subjects. All these served to make her letters the more pleasing, and to strengthen my concern for her.

"In the month of June, according to an agreement made between us, she visited me for some days. During her stay, she conducted herself in every respect with lady-like propriety, and appeared to be most anxiously enquiring for the salvation of her soul. Mr. Jobson and I had lengthened conversations with her on this subject, and sought to assist her by our daily counsel and prayers.

"At that time we were much engaged in connexion with the opening services of a new Wesleyan chapel near to our house. She attended those services with us; spoke of the pleasure she would have in playing the organ for the congregation, if she lived near to the chapel; and of the delight she would have in constant attendance at it for public worship, if her circumstances would allow her to do so. In all this, there was a delicacy of expression employed that did not allow us to entertain the supposition, that she was seeking an invitation for a permanent home in our dwelling. Indeed, her whole deportment, while with us, was such as fully to sustain the account she had given of her position and associations; and, rather than appearing to seek any pecuniary assistance from us, she seemed disposed to contribute out of her own resources somewhat lavishly towards the new chapel. We checked her in this; and, reminding her of what she might soon require for her own support, insisted upon her taking back what she had proferred.

"During her stay, she was introduced to several intelligent and respectable friends, resident in the Oxford Road side of Manchester, who visited us; and who, on learning her circumstances, showed great interest in her. She conversed with them freely and intelligently, and bore herself, throughout, with great consistency. Her appearance was prepossessing; her dress simple and good; and she usually wore a large brooch in her bosom of the Madonna and child, after Raffaelle,—

by which those who conversed with her were reminded of her Romish education and associations. On the morning fixed for her return to her friends, she complained of severe suffering from a bilious attack. I procured for her suitable medicine, and pressed her to remain with us another day. She did so, and through the greater part of it reclined on the sofa. I proposed to read to her. She expressed her gratitude for the proposal, and requested me to read to her, from the Old Testament Scriptures, the history of Abraham: stating that she desired to learn how it was that he was justified both by his faith and by his works, as she had read in the New Testament. I read to her the whole of his history, and explained it to her, as I proceeded, according to the teaching of the apostles St. Paul and St. James. She professed herself instructed and edified by my doing so; and declared that, through the Scriptures having been withheld from her, she had never before read, or heard read, the history of Abraham. She appeared to be improved in her state of health, and left us for Wales the next morning.

"A few days subsequently I received from her the following letter, which, with one or two others, may be interesting as specimens of her correspondence.

"*Pulford, Friday night.*

"My dear Mrs. Jobson,

"I again take up my pen to inform you that I am not going to Beaumaris for the present, but returning in the morning to Plas Bower. It is a great disappointment to me,

for I had all ready to go, when I received a letter yesterday that I must go home, for Julia* is leaving Wales for London and France, on Monday week, so is anxious I should spend a little time with her before she goes. Wynne will be very much vexed. I expect him every moment: he was expected to dinner. The Harrisons do not go before Tuesday: they expect I shall meet them after Miss Julia's departure; but I fear I shall not, as circumstances will perhaps order it otherwise.

"A letter has at length arrived from my brother. Mrs. S. did not send it, for it is a large one, so thought it better to leave it till I returned. I am very anxious to hear what he thinks about me. My certificate is also sent, and now waits the usual process; so I shall have that right before I leave. I purpose if I have an opportunity to-morrow to call on our solicitor, and ascertain in which way my legacy is put out, and where. I will do it cautiously and prudently. This day week I was with you. I often think of and sigh when I look back to the few happy days I spent with you, and long to return again to Radnor Street. The next Sabbath I shall spend in the worship of the Church of Rome, but I trust our united prayers will meet at the throne of grace, and there be accepted. Forget me not in your silent petitions. Pray that I may have grace and strength in the hour of trial; that God may be my shield and protector against the wiles of the wicked one. I feel an increasing delight in reading the Word of God. It is a sure proof of the error of any Church when she does not allow her members to read that Word. I wish much I had the whole; but it is perhaps better that I have not at the present. I have the Psalms; what comfort and hope we may find in them! What sort of a meeting had you on Wednesday? I thought of you, and wished I had the

* Her eldest pupil.

wings of a dove, that I could fly over to meet you there with God's people.

"When you write, please tell me whether you had a happy Sabbath, and whether the chapel is well attended. I suppose you will not have seen Mr. B—— since I saw you.

"I hear a carriage coming up the drive: it is Wynne, so I must wish you a good night.

"Saturday morning. Before I leave my bed-room I take the opportunity of finishing this letter, so that I may take it to the Post-office. If you will write to me on Monday I can get the letter by carrier this time. I will make some arrangement to get them from Denbigh, for it is so awkward to get the letters in this way, but it is certainly the safest. Direct to Wrexham Post-office, as before. Do you think I might venture to have them directed to Aberconway, that is one of our village posts? I am almost disposed to venture their being sent at once to Plas Bower. I can judge of the propriety of that when I get home. Wynne leaves here with me to-day, and will accompany me in the railway as far as Ruabon, when he will go to ——— on horseback; that is uncle's place. He is the same as ever; he perceives a coolness in me. I am grieved to pain him. Write, please, and believe me,

"Ever yours sincerely,
"LUCY GRANTHAM GARDINER.

"*Do write.*"

"The interchange of letters continued; and, after a few weeks, she informed me that an opportunity had offered for her making known to the Trelawneys, and to Father Carberry, her confessor, the alteration of her views with respect to religion.

"*Plas Bower, Tuesday, June* 23.

"My very dear Friend,

"After a day spent in the greatest suspense, and, I may say, misery, I once more retire to the loneliness of my bed-room to unburthen my thoughts to you, which in my present state of mind will be a great relief to me. I never felt, under any severe dispensation, more of human wretchedness than I do now. Everything appears dark and gloomy. I am, as it were, sunk in an abyss of doubts, fears, and perplexities. Since I wrote to you I have been much harassed with the thought of how I must inform Father Carberry of my determination. I commenced several letters to him, but was so nervous I could not write. I therefore came at last to the conclusion of leaving the event entirely to God, and, I trust, earnestly prayed for His direction, knowing that He can turn and dispose the hearts of all men. This evening I felt exceedingly ill with thoughts of how I should presume to tell him of my objections to conform with the errors of the Church of Rome; but when he came I was wonderfully supported. God was indeed a present help in time of trouble. When I was informed that he waited for me in the confessional, I thought it better to tell him on a slip of paper which I sent. The purport of it was this,—'Dear Father, forgive me for leading you to suppose that I would meet you this afternoon at confession. I ever felt a great repugnance to it, but now I cannot, for I have come to the decision of confessing my sins to God, who alone can pardon them.' The man immediately returned, saying Father Carberry demanded my presence directly. I went trembling. He did not seem so angry as I had anticipated, but was very calm. He received me rather sternly, and said he was surprised that of all committed to his charge, I alone should be careless of my salvation, by refusing to confess that I might receive pardon

through the medium of His priests, the only way in which the Church appoints. I was much overcome; but after a little while I summoned all my courage, and asked him if that was the only way the Bible had appointed for us to receive absolution. He looked much astonished, and answered me that it was not my duty to dispute the authority of the Church, and asked me if I knew that the Saviour had given authority to priests (disciples), that whosesoever sins they remit are forgiven, and whosesoever sins they retain are retained. He said the priests had still that power, and reminded me of the danger of refusing to confess, lest my sins should not be forgiven. I felt so awed and struck with the manner in which he pronounced these words, that he thought I relented, so desired me to proceed to confess, that by so doing, the sins I had committed by neglecting and slighting the rights of the Holy Church might be forgiven, so that by penance she would be satisfied. Methought, would God be satisfied? No, I should have been doubly criminal, sinning against the light He has given me. However, after I had recovered myself from the little flurry, I said I could not find in the Word of God any passage but one in which He had commanded us to confess our sins to man, and that was only to one another. He desired to know how I dared without the sanction of the Church to read the Bible, or procure one. I told him I had first seen one in the library, and afterwards procured one. He wished to know if it was an English one, because that was translated to favour Protestants, who had altered it to suit their own views. Is it so? I cannot recollect all the conversation, for I am so excited; but one thing he asked which puzzles me, on the infallibility of the Church. He said, 'Where was the Protestant Church three hundred years ago?' Christ he said had built the Church of Rome, saying that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Saint Peter was appointed bishop. I do not think he

had the slightest suspicion that I held Protestant views, but merely told me of this to strengthen my belief in the Romish doctrines. In the latter part of his conversation his manners assumed their usual affection. Personally you could not help but like him. He is so very kind. I do think his motives are sincere, though he is wrapt in delusion. I wept much, for his kindness affected me; for he said that I was not then in a proper frame of mind to confess, but desired me to prepare by penance and Ave Marias against the next call, which will not be for a week or two, as he is going away.

"With pain of mind I acknowledge that I was not firm in telling him that I dared not do so. It is this that now makes me miserable. I have deceived him. I feared to tell him. I ought to have been decided, trusting in God for the result. I feared man more than Him.

"I do not know whether he named it to Mrs. Trelawney, for she did not allude to it. She seems the same, and to-night surprised me by giving me a tunic for to-morrow's fête. She is very affectionate to me. The house is now full of company. The family of the De Traffords are here. They came about six o'clock. I have not seen them yet, for I dined alone on some gruel, for I am so very poorly. I wish to-morrow were over, for I must appear lively, but I shall have a sad heart. I am anxiously expecting a letter from you in the morning. I feel now quite wearied, so wish you 'good night.'

"Wednesday night. I received your precious letter just as we were going in the tents for luncheon, so could not peruse it till I went to dress for dinner. It has been a very splendid day, and on the whole fine. I won a coronet of gilt laurel. I was second mark on the target. I do thank you for your disinterested kindness to me. Reward you I cannot, but I pray that God may. As regards our justification by works, I feel confident that nothing in us can merit

the favour of God, and that anything we can do is imperfect. Many thanks to you for your kind invitation, which I should be thankful to accept. It would be almost too great a happiness to spend a Sabbath with you, if convenient to you. Major H—— is of course a Papist, but would it be necessary to tell him you were Protestants? I think I need only tell him that I have friends in Manchester that I wished to see. He does not know a great deal about me or my friends. As I before told you, he and Mrs. H—— were good friends of my dead parents; they occasionally visit here. I do not think there would be other inquiries, or I should come to see you before I went there. The carriage will take me to Ruabon. I shall proceed by railway to Chester. I could leave on some Friday, and inform Major H—— of my visiting him the Monday following. Would that be wrong? If it is, be faithful and tell me. I would wish to do what would be prudent and right. The travelling so far alone would not be improper, for I have often travelled as far alone. I should like to spend a Sunday with you when Mr. Jobson preaches at your own chapel, as I should wish to hear Mr. J. Mrs. Trelawney says I must go in the early part of July. I do wish to converse with you personally, as I have a deal to tell you that I cannot by letter. I am truly sorry to hear of your being unwell, but hope the next letter will contain better news. I am very anxious to have a letter from my dear and only brother, from whom I expect to be alienated. It is a distressing thought; but may the Lord enable me to give up all for him. I am very much tired, and have also got a bad headache. I left all below dancing. I left them. It is now three o'clock, Thursday Morning, and none are come up yet. Write to me soon, and direct it to Wrexham Post-office as before. I think it the safest; for if a letter is intercepted, I am undone. Could you write on Monday or Tuesday, and say what you think about my coming, and when it would be

most convenient, so that I may make my arrangements. Any Saturday after next I may go. I must now go to bed, or else I shall not be in a fit state for this morning's school duties, which will only be for two hours. With kind regards to Mr. J., and dear love to yourself,

"I am ever your grateful and affectionate

"LUCY GRANTHAM GARDINER.

"I shall send it by *carrier*."

"In a subsequent letter she described, at greater length, the surprise and dismay which her friends manifested; the threats and remonstrances they uttered; and recorded, in her letters, the evil names of 'heretic,' &c., which from time to time they applied to her. All this, with various inflictions endured under influence of her father confessor, and the particulars of which she detailed, was said to have so seriously affected her health, that she had to be removed for a change to Trevalyn Hall, where letters sent would be delivered to her.

"Two letters written at this period have been preserved. The third, which entered more into detail, cannot be found. The former are as follows:—

"*Trevalyn, Friday.*

"My dearest Friend will think me very neglectful in not fulfilling my promise; but my reason for not writing was, that I thought it better that I should not do so till my sentiments were fully known, which I rejoice to inform you are at last explained.

"I have undergone much more than the limits of paper and time will allow me to tell you, but I have found a friend where I least expected it, in the person of Mrs. Trelawney of Trevalyn. We left Manchester on Thursday, and stayed at Chester all night. We arrived at Plas Bower on Saturday. The Trelawneys of Trevalyn accompanied us. Mr. Carberry could not meet us for confession before Thursday. Major O—— did not see our people before we left, so nothing transpired before that day. I cannot describe to you my anxiety. I have not now time to enter fully into what occurred at the time, but will write to you, to-morrow, a long letter. I acquainted Mrs. T. with my intentions (after the storm was over), at which she appeared much grieved of giving up her charge. Mrs. T., of Trevalyn, acted very kindly in the midst of the noise. She said I had a right to act and think for myself. She has several relatives, Protestants. I was so ill the following day that I kept my bed. Mrs. Trelawney was very kind, and was, I am sure, sorry for her harshness to me the preceding night. I had promised to return with Mrs. T. to Trevalyn, to stay a short time with her. She arrived here last night. I cannot yet decide how soon I shall come to you, but hope in the course of a week or two. I think you will have a letter from Mrs. Trelawney. Must I write to Wynne now? I am almost heart-broken. What shall I say? I have had a long conversation with Mrs. T. to-day in reference to him. She thinks me very foolish, and laughs at my anxiety; but at the same time, though she thinks me in error, would allow me liberty of conscience. I suppose I shall return to Plas Bower. I am going to send Mrs. Trelawney the letter, only I shall make a few alterations. I could not acquaint her personally with all my motives. I will write and tell you all the awful denunciations threatened me in the heat of passion. I was won-

derfully supported. Please write to me soon. I cannot stay any longer, for I am going out an airing; so with kindest love,

"I am, ever yours dearly,
"L. G. GARDINER.

"*Address*,
"MISS GARDINER,
"T. Trelawney's, Esq.
"Trevalyn Hall,
"Near Wrexham,
"Denbighshire.

"Don't write before Monday, for perhaps you may receive more by then."

"*Trevalyn Hall, Thursday night.*

"My dearest Friend,

"You will see I am not yet located in that place which has been to me the birth-place of many a sorrow and joy. I feel happy in the pleasure of stealing away from my present society to converse, through the silence of paper, with a kindred spirit, who, I am convinced, sympathises with me in every anxiety. There is a something sweet in the thought of having a *friend*, a real one. I envy not the man who can look around him, and find not a friend. I rejoice to think I am so highly privileged in possessing one who not only cares for my temporal, but takes an interest in my eternal welfare; but I must not fill up my paper with needless introductions.

"The reason I have not returned, Mrs. Trelawney, of P. B., is gone into Pembrokeshire to stay a short time. Mrs. T. kindly invited me to stay. I am as comfortable as circumstances will allow, but am very much annoyed with repeated controversies with the family, and also the priest. We had

a very warm argument yesterday. He would not listen as calmly as Mrs. C—— to what I advanced from Scripture, but was very impatient. Last evening he brought me a work of Dr. Wiseman's, on Purgatory. I could not in courtesy refuse it, but shall return it unperused.

"Since my last I have seen Wynne, and spent several hours with him. You say I must be directed by conscience; if so, I must give him up. We should each act in opposition respecting our worship, and perhaps eventually each miss our way. The Bible says, 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.' If I marry him, I shall render myself for ever miserable. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' I certainly must sacrifice much as far as worldly matters are concerned, for few in his station will take a portionless female; but what is that compared with my eternal welfare.

"I was very anxious indeed to have gone to Manchester this week, but Mrs. T. was very pressing, and I cannot come before I see her; and Wynne begged of me to stay a little time to see if I could not make some arrangement with Mrs. T., and also to consider what I was doing. That is already done; but it will be quite impossible to convince him of the propriety of my present intention. I should have written earlier, but have been waiting to hear from Walter, but have been disappointed. I cannot account for his silence. I saw his promotion last week in the paper. My uncle has remitted Mrs. T. the money advanced, which is very kind. I believe I am quite the subject of conversation among the friends of the family.

"Mrs. T. told me yesterday I should have my name put in the newspapers, by your body, as a convert to your religion. Oh, dear Mrs. J. I hope such a step would be prevented. I cannot bear the idea of my name being published to the world. I must stay here for a week, till Mrs. Trelawney, of Plas Bower, returns, when I shall return, and finally decide

matters. I am apprehensive my uncle knows. Write, please. Address as before, and believe me, with dearest love,

"Yours, ever truly,

"LUCY G. GARDINER.

"P.S. Last Sunday I attended the parish church. I did not like the sermon, it was so very long, and the minister so inanimate. *Do write.*

"Bon soir, ma chère amie.

"Excuse paper and writing, for my writing-case is downstairs."

"From the same place other letters arrived, in which Lucy professed to be in a state of severe affliction, and to be attended by a medical man, and a daily nurse. These accounts, of course, excited greatly our fears concerning her; but, after a time, we were relieved by tidings of her recovery.

"Soon after this she called upon us again, having come, as she said, with the Trelawney family, to hear Jenny Lind sing. We saw her several times during her stay in the town. We invited her to spend the Sabbath with us, which she did; and Mr. Jobson and I had lengthened conversations with her on the altered conduct of her friends towards her. We considered what would be the best advice to give her under the circumstances; and, at length, Mr. Jobson proposed to her, that if she found that she could not comfortably continue with the family in which she resided, she should leave it, and come and abide with us until some

other course should open before her. To this proposal she appeared gratefully to accede; and she left us with the expectation that she would soon be an inmate of our house. At this last interview an accident occurred which was the only one that excited suspicion in my mind respecting the truth of any of her statements; and that was not sufficient to allow me to retain the suspicion. We had made inquiries of a friend at Didsbury, the Rev. Dr. H——, respecting the Major Ormond, of whom she spoke; and he had not heard of such a gentleman being resident there. I named this to her, when she seemed greatly confused. But, knowing that it was not impossible for a military gentleman to reside near the Doctor, and yet be unknown to him, I said so; when she recovered her calmness, and most adroitly improved the help I thus afforded to her. I remembered this circumstance, and spoke of it afterwards to Mr. Jobson, and we proposed to make further inquiries concerning the Major, as soon as we had opportunity; but we did not see sufficient in it to lead us to hesitate in reference to the proposal made for her coming to reside with us; though, since then, I have had no doubt that this circumstance prevented her doing so.

"A week or ten days after this occurrence she wrote from Wales, stating that, since her return, her health had very seriously failed; that Dr. Jones, of Chester, had been consulted, who pronounced her to be in danger of consumption. Other letters followed, stating that she

had ruptured a blood-vessel, and that the medical man feared the consequences would be fatal. I wrote to her a letter of Christian sympathy, which was returned to me through the post. I concluded that the hand-writing was known to her friends around her, and that the letter from a Protestant friend was disowned by them. On the day following came a brief letter from her, as if written by a most tremulous hand, informing me of her very great debility, so that she had to be propped up in bed with pillows while she wrote; and request-ing to hear from me. Another letter was sent, directed by Mr. Jobson, so that my hand-writing might not be the reason of its rejection. Not receiving any further communication from her, and fearing that her illness had proved fatal, inquiries were made, through a friend, of Dr. Jones, of Chester, when he said he had not attended a young lady in such circumstances as were described; and, removing to London, we were left in anxious perplexity concerning her.

"As soon as your book made its appearance, all doubt and anxiety vanished from our minds. The friend who had made the inquiries for me, wrote to me in March last, to say that if I obtained your book, giving the title, I should learn whom I had had in my house, and regarding whom it was that the inquiries had been made. Of course, this information greatly excited me; and on Mr. Jobson coming home from the city, I informed him of the communication I had received. He replied, 'I am not surprised, for I have

seen the book open in a bookseller's shop-window, and as soon as I saw the portrait, in the frontispiece, I recognised the likeness, as that of Miss Gardiner.' The spell was broken: we read the book with almost breathless interest—found internal evidence sufficient in the circumstances of the convent-life, and the uncle, &c., to satisfy us that the heroine of your publication had been the subject of our solicitude; and, having examined her hand-writing with you, and conversed with you, at length, upon her appearance, attainments, and conduct, there can be no doubt that your *Marie* and my Lucy are *one* and the same person; who, whether she profess herself to be a Catholic or a Protestant, is certainly destitute of moral principle, to say nothing of religion.

" I am,
" Dear Mrs. Luke,
" Yours truly,
" ELIZABETH JOBSON.

" *Hackney Road, Nov. 24th,* 1851."

There was another link in the chain of discovery, mentioned on the preceding page, which, as a conclusion to Mrs. Jobson's narrative, may interest the reader.

About a fortnight after the publication of " The Female Jesuit," Mr. Luke was visiting Chester, where he had formerly been for thirteen years a resident. It was natural that the book should be read with peculiar

interest by many who had known him in that city, and he was met by eager inquiries on all sides. He was told that Mr. R——, a solicitor, wished to see him, as he could throw some light on the history of Mr. Luke's former protegée. Mr. Luke called, and learned from him the following particulars.

It appeared that Mr. and Mrs. R—— had been the friends to whom Mrs. Jobson had applied. They had inquired in all directions without success, and the search had long been relinquished. A few days before Mr. Luke's visit Mrs. R—— turned into a bookseller's shop, to purchase a present for a friend in Manchester. The young man who served her, strongly recommended a book which had just come out,—"The Female Jesuit." Mrs. R—— took it home, and examined it. As she read, a strong impression forced itself on her mind, that the heroine must be the missing Lucy; but never having seen her, she sent the book to her friends without expressing her suspicion.

The ladies to whom the book was sent were friends of Mrs. Jobson's. They had frequently seen Marie, and had participated in the deep interest felt for her by Mr. and Mrs. Jobson. On catching sight of the portrait, it is scarcely too much to say, that they were horror-struck at recognizing the interesting object of Mrs. Jobson's solicitude. They read the volume with breathless haste; and as each chapter disclosed some corresponding developement of character or plot, they were increasingly persuaded of the identity of the

party. They wrote under the strongest feeling to Mrs. R——, who, if she had not given them all the pleasure she had designed, had certainly awakened far more emotion. Mrs. R—— immediately wrote to Mrs. Jobson, and the result has been already stated.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY DEVELOPEMENT.

It is a subject of much regret that we have been able to obtain but few particulars of Marie's childhood, as it would be extremely interesting to ascertain how far those mental and moral deformities, of unexampled growth, had their commencement in her childish years or early training; how far they originated in her own mental peculiarity, and how far they were the growth of circumstances; what discipline and examples influenced her in her early home; who were her instructors, who her companions, and what her first pursuits, have, from the singularity of her case, become questions of deep interest.

Marie, or as her real name is *Mary* G——, generally spoke of her father as a surgeon. If we call him a veterinary surgeon, or, according to the more homely language of the north, a farrier, or blacksmith, it will be nearer to the truth. She was born at Stockport, but on the death of her father, removed with her mother and brother to Southport. She appears to have had an

affectionate and doting mother, who stinted herself in the necessaries of life, in order to obtain for her only and darling girl, an education superior to her own position in life. How far her over-strained anxieties on this head may have tended to foster that aspiring disposition which has instigated Marie to many a bold and ambitious movement, and how far her devoted tenderness may have nourished the enormous egotism and selfishness which have been developed in later years, would be another interesting subject of inquiry.

Marie as a child evinced a species of vulgar cunning which grew with her growth, but which, as she advanced, became loftier in its aims. Her earliest vices were lying and stealing, and her favourite pursuit was novel reading, which as she approached to womanhood engrossed her whole attention. Her propensity for tricks continued to develop itself, but the impression on a casual observer was, that she was a giddy, frivolous girl. With her mind thus occupied, it is not to be supposed that studies of a higher kind were pursued to much purpose. The efforts and sacrifices of her anxious mother were thrown away, and the latter reaped no better reward from her ungrateful daughter than has been the lot of others who have shown her kindness. Disappointed in her progress, ashamed and dismayed at her conduct, grieved by her undutifulness, and it may be, oppressed and terrified by the prospect of future disgrace, the mother's health gave way. Her declining state awakened no remorse or tenderness in the bosom

of her daughter. Marie left that mother to languish on a sick bed while she went out to take her pleasure, and spent the slender resources which might have procured comforts for her dying parent, in the purchase of sweets and delicacies to gratify her own appetite. The mother died, and none may appeal to *her* to describe the anguish of the gradual process which brought her to that most painful of all painful deaths, *a broken heart.*

It must have been about the year 1845, some time before her mother's death, and when twenty or twenty-one years of age, that Marie obtained a situation at Crewe Hall, Farndon, Cheshire, as governess to two little girls. Farndon and Holt are two pretty villages, divided by the river Dee, and Crewe Hall is a large farm-house in Farndon—farm-houses in Cheshire being often dignified by the name of halls.

While here she frequently visited Chester, and became acquainted with Mr. Luke's name and character, of which, as the readers of "The Female Jesuit" are aware, she availed herself on coming to London. Here also she often went to Wrexham, and obtained that knowledge of the neighbourhood which has since so well served her purpose. The artful combination of truth with falsehood, grounded on her accurate information respecting parties and localities, has doubtless been one secret of her success. It has answered the two-fold purpose of giving an air of reality to her romances, and of affording many incidental confirmations of her statements.

Her master passion was not wanting in its indications at this period. On returning to Southport for a holiday, an acquaintance of her mother's happened to be lodging in the house. Marie went to her one day, and complaining that she had a bad arm, asked Miss —— to write two or three notes for her. Aware of her propensity, the lady declined the honour, and "There is nothing amiss with your arm; I shall not write for you," sent Marie off in search of some more accommodating friend. Such early practice will account for the adroitness with which this trick was repeated while she was a resident at Westbourne Green, the particulars of which were given in a former volume.

While at Crewe Hall she commenced the practice of vomiting blood. Mr. Maybury, a surgeon and apothecary near Wrexham, was called in to attend her. He treated the matter very lightly, having discovered that the substance was not blood; and, gaining wisdom by experience, she afterwards improved in the art. She seems however to have taken a dislike to him in consequence, and this will, perhaps, account for the violent death to which she has since in imagination consigned him.

It is scarcely possible to assign a motive, apart from the pure love of deception, for these vagaries. She appears to have been comfortable in her situation, and to have satisfied her employers. She retained it for two years, and was dismissed only in consequence of the successive deaths of both the parents of her pupils.

One of the guardians of the latter, on receiving a letter of inquiry from Mr. Luke, gave her a good character; and among her papers has been found the following testimonial from another of the children's relatives.

"Miss G—— has resided as governess for two years with my brother, the late T. B——, Esq., Crewe Hall, Cheshire, during which time she conducted herself to the satisfaction of those around her. Her amiable temper, and lady-like deportment, combined with uprightness of character, cannot fail to gain the affection and esteem of her pupils. She is fully competent to impart a sound English education; and is, I believe, accomplished.

"I should be most happy at any time to answer any further question, if addressed to me, H—— Hall, Flintshire.

"C—— B——."

The talent which enabled her to keep this situation for two years, and to obtain such recommendations at the close, might surely have enabled her to obtain another situation, had such been her object. And if indisposed to further exertion, she might have lived a yet more easy life; for after the death of her mother, her aunt, who was in respectable circumstances in Manchester, offered her a home.

Those who regard Marie as a common impostor, compelled by the want of character and education to pursue so discreditable a course, will find it difficult to explain facts which are so inconsistent with their theory.

A growing taste for intrigue and adventure probably led her to seek out some more erratic path; for it must

have been during her residence in this family, and while still in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, that she commenced her correspondence with Mrs. Jobson. On leaving Crewe Hall she had nearly succeeded in establishing herself with them, when taking alarm at the sound of the word " inquiries," she abandoned her purpose, and turned her thoughts in another direction.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIE IN MANCHESTER.

After relinquishing the idea of becoming an inmate with Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, Marie's next project was of a bolder character. It was to settle herself as in-door patient, under the roof of a respectable surgeon in Manchester.

His first introduction to her was on the 31st of January, 1848, and he was called in to attend her at two different places before she became one of his family. How she managed to instal herself under his roof is not known; but that she did so is a fact, and she remained there till the 1st of May in the same year.

The skill and kindness of her medical friend were, as may easily be supposed, put to a severe test. His past experience furnished no precedent for the treatment of her case; and perplexed beyond measure at its peculiarity, he called in one of the first surgeons of the town and paid the consultation fee himself.

It was not long before Marie's host received a communication purporting to be from a gentleman of great

respectability and influence in Manchester; and requesting him to pay her every attention both professionally and otherwise. This gentleman engaged to meet all expenses, and begged that she might not be allowed to want anything. The reason assigned was the high esteem in which Miss G—— was held by a family in Chester, with whom he was intimately associated, and with whom she had been living as governess.

From this gentleman Mr. and Mrs. ——— received more than one invitation to dine at his house; and two or three appointments were made for settling her account, but some singular contingency at the eleventh hour always prevented the acceptance of these invitations.

Had any doubt, however, been raised by the repetition of such disappointments, the frequent and flattering attentions of various highly respectable parties, must instantly have put all suspicion to flight. Several of these visited her at the house, and among others a clergyman of the Church of England. Presents of fish, game, and other things suited to the delicate appetite of an invalid, and accompanied by polite notes, were of more frequent occurrence; and gifts of larger value, and of more durable character, gave assurance of the high estimation in which she was held by a large and influential circle. Among these were articles of jewellery from various friends, and a very handsome

Church Service and Bible, with a very kind note from Sir Watkin William Wynne.

At length the game was up. The illness proved to have been unreal, the notes to have been forgeries, the visitors to have been duped, and the jewellery to have been obtained at Mr. and Mrs. ———'s own jewellers. Marie was taken by surprise, and a final scene, similar to the one in Cromwell Terrace, concluded the farce. Marie was the better prepared for encountering the party assembled to confront her at Westbourne Green, having gone through a similar ordeal once, or it may have been *more* than once, before.

At a period not far removed from the one just mentioned, but whether before or after is not known, Marie selected for another victim, a lady who kept a respectable boarding-school in the outskirts of Manchester. She soon became very intimate, and paid several lengthened visits. It is said that she proposed partnership, and was to bring a large sum of money into the concern. Most numerous and elevated was her circle of friends, and the connexion was to be as valuable as the capital.

Miss ———, on the strength of these brilliant prospects, projected an establishment on a much larger scale; and, after ordering furniture to a considerable amount, was about selecting more, when her father suggested that it would be more prudent to wait.

The letters received from Marie's high acquaintances

were, however, confirmatory of her statements, and at length an invitation to dinner, including Marie's kind entertainer, and some other members of her family, followed up the expressions of regard with which the letters abounded. The kindness shewn to *her* had prompted this invitation, and her friends wished to show their appreciation of this kindness, by welcoming her hostess and family to their residence. As the invitation came from parties whose rank in life was superior to their own, rather more preparation was made than ordinary for its acceptance. More than one new dress is said to have been purchased for the occasion, and a conveyance was ordered to take Marie and her friends to the house; when, just as it drew up to the door at the hour appointed, the violent ringing of Marie's bell induced a general rush to her room. There, to the dismay of the assembled circle, with her cheeks almost matching her new white dress, and extended on the bed, lay the helpless Marie, having just ruptured a blood-vessel! They could not take her with them; they could not go without her. The carriage was dismissed; the new dresses were laid aside; and their disappointment was forgotten in the anxiety which was immediately concentrated upon herself.

These incidents have reached us indirectly. The letter which follows, and which is given nearly entire, is from the lady herself.

"*November 12th*, 1851.

"In reply to yours of November 5th, requesting some information respecting Mary G——, I would just say, that my first acquaintance with that extraordinary impostor, was founded upon circumstances equally as deceptive as those by which she became known to you. The associations were not precisely the same, but that was because they were neither convenient nor practicable. Her impositions carried on in your family were more extensive, but never deeper laid, and executed with more cunning than here. We were for some time her obedient dupes; and surely never did deception and intrigue assume a darker and more revolting character than did hers!

"I am perfectly familiar with all the incidents of her well feigned sickness mentioned in your narrative, and if I had not seen the portrait, must have come to the conclusion that it was no other person. She is a most singular being! Somehow or other there was a spell, a charm, an indescribable something about the girl, that I think must have compelled us to give credence to all she said; for frequently now we wonder that we could not perceive such outrages upon the most extended credulity; and many a hearty laugh, as well as much sorrow have we had. Sorrow to think of the wretched condition such a course must inevitably lead to, and the prostitution of talents which, if otherwise directed, would have raised her in the scale of society. It were vain for me to attempt a narrative of what I know here.

A manuscript only would do it. I shall be happy to hear from you again, but it is utterly impossible to give any particulars here."

Marie left the house of her kind medical adviser in May 1848, and in November of the same year obtained an introduction to a London convent. The circumstances of her pretended escape, and of her residence in Mr. Luke's house, have been detailed at length in the previous volume; and it is necessary to resume the narrative from the date at which it there closes, in June 1850.

CHAPTER V.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

After Marie's dismissal from Mr. Luke's house, and removal to the Continent in 1850, intense curiosity prevailed to know what had become of her. This curiosity was increased by the discovery that the persons with whom she professed to have taken shelter, had no existence in Ghent. The general impression was, that like the hunted stag, she had merely crossed the water to avoid pursuit, and that having attained her object, she had almost immediately returned to London.

This impression received confirmation from the united testimony of a number of persons who had known her well, and who felt persuaded that they had all severally met her in or near London. One had seen her in the Hampstead Road; a second had passed her in Cheapside; a third had caught a glimpse of her in Park Crescent; a fourth had met her in Piccadilly; and a fifth had recognized her in an omnibus.

One of the family she had recently quitted was satisfied that she had seen her with two ladies near the

house, and that after passing it, they turned round, stopped, and were for a few moments in earnest conversation.

Mrs. K—— had seen her in Regent Street with two ladies, something like "Sisters of Mercy." She separated from them, and on observing that she was recognized, darted into a shop. Mrs. K—— passed on a short distance, and, on returning, met Marie again face to face. She averted her eyes, slunk by Mrs. K——, and disappeared in the direction of Oxford Street.

Mr. K—— thought that he had seen her in the neighbourhood of Bryanstone Square, and as the Queen Square Sisters of Mercy had removed thither, it was conjectured that she might be with them. On three fine mornings Wood was set to watch in that neighbourhood without success.

Wood, the memorable "Wood," however, had himself seen her on Pentonville Hill; "was *sure* it was Miss G——," but he was on the other side of the road, and the hill was crowded, and he lost sight of her.

Mr. K—— had met her again one morning in Regent's Park, with a little boy and girl. Determined not to lose sight of her, he dodged her for nearly an hour. At length she took her station at the corner of Portland Road to watch a gay wedding at Trinity church, and he stood a few paces from her at the corner of Park Crescent, when in a moment, *how* he could not imagine, children and all had disappeared. He sought her in vain, and was compelled to give up the pursuit in despair.

It was this circumstance in particular which justified the statement in the former volume that Marie had been again seen in London. Singularly truthful and careful in all his assertions, and as free from the influence of imagination as any man could be, Marie's former friends placed full reliance on Mr. K——'s testimony. Mrs. L—— asked if she might venture to assert it as a fact? If he was quite, *quite* sure? He replied, "If it was not Marie, I should regard it as more supernatural than anything that has transpired about her yet. I was as near to her as I am to you, and felt as sure of one as of the other."

Finally, a young law-stationer in Chancery Lane was confident that he had seen her. Two years before, when he was in a large house in the same line of business, she used to enter the shop with a request to see some law books, and study them attentively for some time. She stated that she was entitled to some property of which the lawyers were trying to defraud her, and that she was determined to be her own solicitor. She carried a parcel of papers tied with red tape, and went among the young men by the name of "the pretty she-lawyer." She had disappeared for about the space of time during which she would have been at Mr. Luke's, and within the last few weeks he had twice seen her pass with her red-taped parcel, as in former days. He seized the book to glance at the portrait, and she was gone. The second time he ran out after her, but there was no one else in the shop, and he was obliged to return.

In fact there were comparatively few who had not seen her, so sure was each individual, especially among the ladies, that she had encountered Marie. These impressions were but so many proofs of the singular power which she exerted over the imagination of those who had seen or heard of her. All were mistaken, for as will hereafter appear, she could plead one general "alibi."

These misapprehensions were of little consequence; but there were others of a more serious character, where innocent parties were in danger of suffering from their supposed resemblance to Marie.

In April, 1851, Mrs. Luke received a letter from C——, which, after appealing to her interest as the writer of "The Female Jesuit," proceeded thus:—

"I am a professor of French, German, and Italian in C——, having resided on the Continent in order to become a proficient in those languages.

"It is reported throughout the city that I am the person of whom you have written; and although I wear spectacles, and have done so ever since seventeen, and I am now nearly twenty-four, it is asserted that I wear them for disguise.

"All this is very hard for one who is trying to earn her living by honest means. As to my not being the impostor mentioned in your book, I refer you to Major ——, and in C—— to Miss ——, who can assure you that I am neither a Jesuit nor a Roman Catholic.

"I should feel obliged if you would send me a letter that I could publish in the C—— papers.

"Yours respectfully,

"ADELAIDE JULIA C——."

Mrs. L. immediately wrote to Major ——, requesting him to get the book from the library, and favour her with the points of difference. The Major replied that though he had not seen the book, he could safely assure her that there was not a single point of resemblance, and gravely urged her, for her own sake as well as for Mrs. C——'s, at once to send the certificate: most conclusively, as he thought, arguing from the very application that the book must be a fiction.

"I have said," he proceeded, "for your own sake more than for Mrs. C——'s, because the entire value of your book arises and rests upon the belief that it is a narrative of truth and not of fiction. In fact, all the old ladies of my acquaintance, who are determined Protestants, have devoured 'The Female Jesuit,' and are quite ready to swear that every word of the composition is *truth*; whereas your letter to me proves the book to be the work of imagination: a very clever fiction and has the semblance of reality.

"If there had been a person in existence whose character is described in 'The Female Jesuit,' you would have replied to Mrs. C——'s letter *at once*, and stated that she was not the person, and sent immediately the certificate she requires.

"But instead of doing this, you say, 'never having known or seen Mrs. C——, I cannot furnish this certificate from *my own knowledge*, but shall be most happy to do so if you will kindly favour me with such particulars as will afford proof of her being altogether a different person!!!'"

Mrs. Luke was somewhat amused, but perceiving she could not get much further by letter, and anxious

to put poor Mrs. C—— out of her disagreeable position, she set off the next morning to see Major ——. He was a fine specimen of the old military school, and received her with ceremonious politeness.

"I have called about poor Mrs. C——," she said, and he smiled. "I am as anxious as yourself that she should be righted. The style of her note, and her application to myself, convinced me that it could not be Marie; but it would not suffice to convince others, nor could I broadly assert it on such ground; and as our story *is* true, and the heroine a real personage, I have come to ascertain from you such facts as may prove that they are different persons."

The Major said it was a sad affair. He had just heard from Mrs. C—— herself, and found that all her pupils had left her, and that the C—— people would not receive her into their houses. "But I don't see," he continued, "how you could conceive it possible for them to be the same. Your 'Female Jesuit' had not the same name, I suppose?"

"No; but Marie had assumed several names, and was as likely to have called herself Adelaide Julia C—— as anything else."

"Well; but the hand-writing must be different."

"Yes; but Marie could get others to write for her when it suited her purpose."

"Then Mrs. C—— is a Protestant. She was a Catholic, but has not been so for some time."

"Just Marie's case. She had been a Catholic, and then professed herself a Protestant."

The Major began to feel a little at a loss. He mentioned the age. It was pretty nearly the same. He described her personal appearance—dark eyes, &c., and the description corresponded.

"But Mrs. C—— has been on the Continent," he said, "to perfect herself in the languages. She has been in Belgium."

"Yes; and Marie went thither in June, and Mrs. C—— returned in July."

The Major changed his posture, and began to look very serious. All his outposts were taken, and he probably felt in some danger of a blockade. "Upon my word," he acknowledged, "things look very black against her, poor woman."

"Our best plan will be to compare dates," said Mrs. Luke, "and see where each was at that time. Marie was with us in 1849 and part of 1850."

"O, then, I can satisfy you," he said, "for Mrs. C—— was living at —— the whole of the year 1849, and she often came to me, as I have a good deal to do with her affairs. Besides, I have known her from a child, and can tell you where she was, and what she was doing from time to time;" and he specified various circumstances which effectually distinguished them.

Mrs. L. expressed herself fully satisfied, and hastened home. She wrote to Mrs. C—— by that day's post, and had the pleasure of learning that her pupils

had returned, and that her distress and annoyance had terminated.

A poor young lady at Ryde, who maintained herself by taking pupils, was not so fortunate. Mrs. L—— did not hear of her case till she had endured much distress and privation owing to her supposed resemblance to Marie. Had the same step been taken in the first instance as in Mrs. C——'s case, the mistake might as promptly have been rectified.

These instances are mentioned in the hope of discouraging hasty and groundless suspicions of any other poor governess who may chance to bear some unfortunate personal resemblance to Marie.

The reader having been duly certified where Marie was *not*, shall now be informed where she really *was*.

CHAPTER VI.

MARIE "IN TRANSIT."

PASSING over the period of romantic intrigue recorded in "The Female Jesuit," it is necessary to take up the thread of Marie's story from the date at which it was allowed to drop at the close of that volume.

It will be remembered, that after leaving Mr. Luke's house in June, 1850, Marie lodged for a fortnight with a Mrs. Rashleigh, living at 53, North Street, Edgeware Road. While here she frequently went out for three or four hours at a time, returning only to meals. She told her landlady that she had found a little attractive nook by the side of the canal, where she could read her book, and think more agreeably than in the house. Mrs. Rashleigh thought her taste somewhat singular, the banks of Paddington Canal, in that vicinity, being more likely to invite to suicide than to religious contemplation. It may be doubted, however, whether she went near the canal, her time being probably occupied in devising plans for the future, and in providing herself with introductions, either forged or surreptitiously obtained, for future service.

Having parted with Mr. Luke and Mr. Kilpin on board the steamer, she was soon "herself again," and neither the roughness of the passage, nor the reminiscences of the past, in any degree checked her flow of spirits. She chatted with the few passengers, and made herself particularly agreeable to a gentleman and his daughter, who, like herself, were on their way to Ghent. The weather was so unusually stormy, that the steamer was driven on a sand bank, and lost a tide, occasioning a delay of twelve hours. Of this circumstance Marie availed herself to the full, grafting on it certain additions of her own at her next resting place.

Being at length landed at Ostend, Marie was seen by the steward, to whose charge Mr. Luke had committed her, to take train for Ghent, and in the same carriage with the gentleman and lady whose acquaintance she had made on board the packet. Arrived in Ghent, her own statement is that she sought admission at the English convent, and there is reason to suppose that this statement is correct.

A few days passed over, and she re-appeared in Brussels. There resided in that city an English Abbé, advanced in years, and well known for his genuine kindness of heart, and unsuspicious Christian charity. One morning early in July, Marie presented herself in travelling attire, and apparently in great distress and agitation, at the house of the Abbé, and told the following tale.

She was an orphan, she said, educated as a Protestant,

and under the care of Protestant guardians, but was anxious to embrace the Catholic faith; and had been already partly instructed by the Rev. Mr. M'Neal, priest of "the Chapel of our Lady," in Saint John's Wood. By Mr. M'Neal's advice, she had frankly told her friends of her intention, and had been further kindly advised by him to spend a few weeks in a convent, that she might with a calm and undisturbed mind enter upon her great task. This proposal was seconded by the advice of her physicians, who recommended change of climate for her health, which had been much damaged by rupturing blood vessels. Being of age, and under no control, she had resolved to act upon it; and her friends had yielded to the force of a resolution which they found it impossible to shake. Her friend and guardian, the Rev. Mr. *D*uke, had seen her on board, and Colonel B——, another old friend, had accompanied her to Ostend. Her voyage however had not been without its hazards and its calamities. Owing to the boisterous weather, the steamer had been driven on a sand bank, and with much difficulty and inconvenience, the passengers had been put on board the Rotterdam cattle boat. In the confusion, her large trunk, containing the greater part of her wearing apparel and cash, had been lost or left behind; and thus deprived of the most valuable part of her property, with one small box, she proceeded alone to Ghent.

Mr. M'Neal, she further stated, had obtained an introduction for her from the nuns at Clapham to their

sisters at Ghent. She had taken this introduction to the Ghent nuns, who received her most kindly, gave her refreshment, waited on her at table, and " made such an impression on her!" On finding that she was twenty-four years of age, they declined taking her as a boarder, it being against the rules of their establishment to receive any boarders above the age of eighteen. They passed her on with an introduction to the sisterhood at Brussels; and the same evening found her seeking admission at the gate of that convent. There she found the same regulation in force. The sisters however knew an English teacher who had a room in an hotel near, not far from the church of the Madeleine, and they sent Marie to pass the night under the protection of this person. In the morning she recollected a letter of introduction to the Abbé, with which she had been furnished by the Rev. Mr. Bamber, one of the Roman Catholic priests in Spanish Place. She had luckily put this in her pocket book; and she determined in her perplexity and distress to go to the Abbé for advice.

It is so common a thing for any one in distress to appeal to the charity of a priest, a remark which will equally apply to our Protestant clergy, that Marie's visit excited no surprise; and the introduction from Mr. Bamber being quite according to rule, and such as one priest might be supposed to write to another with whom he was slightly acquainted, it excited no suspicion. The house was large, and some of the apartments

usually let, were empty; and it was with fatherly pity for the forlorn and unprotected orphan in a strange land, so artless and unsophisticated! that the Abbé offered her a temporary shelter under his roof, and suggested that she should have the companionship and protection of an English lady, a valued friend, then visiting for a few weeks at his house. This arrangement was to be for a few days only, until the great trunk with its valuables should turn up, and she should have time to communicate with her friends and form her plans. Her stay was prolonged, as it was judged best to find a situation for her in some Belgian family. This was not so easy, and as the wish to succeed was far from Marie's thoughts, she took care to render no real assistance in the search.

Taking her clue from this circumstance, and as usual uniting a particle of truth with a mass of fiction, Marie wrote the subjoined letter to her old hostess in North Street.

" *Chateau Royal, July* 31*st*, 1850.

" My dear Mrs. Rashleigh,

" You will feel surprised that I have not sooner fulfilled my promise in writing to you, but a most severe illness has alone prevented me. It has been only within the last few days that I have been able to do anything. I have had the brain fever. The profuse bleeding has quite broken my strength.

" I had a very tiresome long sail, for we were cast on a mud bank, and had to stay for some hours. The captain did not concern himself at all about me, and had it not been for a gentleman and his daughter, I don't know what I should have done. I had a long piece of work about my passport. I was obliged

to get one at Bruges, where I was detained a few hours by illness. I was most cordially received by my friends. I have got a very nice situation when I am able to go to it. English ladies are in great request, and so are English servants. I do not much like the customs of the Belgian people. I am going into a Belgian marquis's family as governess to one child, but I shall not be strong enough for some time for my duty. I suffer *much* in mind, which suffering is an endless tormentor.

" I have not yet written to Mr. Luke, for I am not yet equal to it. I shall do so before I leave here for Germany, where the family reside during one part of the year. I find the people here very kind and feeling, though very few speak either English or French, the Flemish language being chiefly spoken.

" I have experienced very much kindness from an old lady, a kind friend of my friends. She sat up with me several nights while the fever was at its height. Since reason has been fully restored, I have opened my whole heart to her, and have found great relief from it. I can't bear now to write more, for such painful things crowd on my memory.

" Two ladies who have visited here are going to England to-morrow, so I shall send this by them, and another one, for I have no money to spare on postage for the present.

" With kind regards and many thanks for your kindness,

" I am,

" Yours truly,

" M. L. G——."

The circumstance of the English postmark, so plausibly accounted for, was so like Marie's former tricks, that this letter confirmed the impression of her having returned to London, and posted the letter with her own hands. Its object probably was to satisfy her old ac-

quaintances that she was safe in Germany, and to set inquiry and suspicion at rest. Her unusual consideration in not putting Mrs. Rashleigh to the expense of postage, was doubtless to avoid the Brussels postmark, by which she would have been traced another stage on her way.

Marie had not been ill, and perhaps no stronger proof of her passion for feigning illness could be adduced than this letter, intended as it was for the eyes of those who had so recently been undeceived, and who were now so little likely to credit her. The old lady was a fictitious being, and the disclosures which occasioned such relief could have been made to herself alone. It may here be added, that the Rev. Mr. M'Neal, of St. John's Wood, and the Rev. Mr. Bamber, of Spanish Place, on application from Mr. Luke, denied having furnished her with introductions, and disclaimed all knowledge of her and of her story.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE "IN RETREAT."

MARIE had by her own account crossed the Channel mainly to find for a season some tranquil abode where she could give her mind to religious contemplation, and prepare herself for her intended profession of the Roman Catholic faith. Though she had failed in obtaining admission into a convent, she had found a peaceful shelter under the roof of the good old Abbé, and had she been sincere, might easily have carried out her avowed purpose; but it does not appear that she so much as assumed the appearance of seriousness, and in so far, she even laid aside the mask which she had worn with her Protestant acquaintances.

The friend of the Abbé, who had kindly undertaken to be her companion, believed her story without any suspicion; and if Marie made an unfavourable impression, it was rather that of being a shallow little boaster, altogether occupied with trifles instead of the great

matter she had in hand, than of her being an adept even in the art of deception. Her want of acquaintance with literature of every sort was very apparent, yet she talked of her classical education and varied accomplishments to a man of learning, and had access to a library of two thousand volumes without opening a book. She talked of her knowledge of Italian, of her intention of going to confession in Latin at Cologne, of two volumes of botany that she had published, &c. &c. She spent a good deal of time in the mornings with a lady who came to give her French lessons, which seems to have been the only thing in which she acknowledged herself to be deficient. The rest of the day, or the greater part of the day, was usually spent professedly with Mrs. Seager, another English lady to whom she had been introduced, and of whom more anon. When they went to church together, Marie used to separate herself from her female protector, on the pretext that she wished to join Mrs. Seager; and very frequently, when she returned some hours afterwards, she had met with some adventure; such, for instance, as having met the Rev. Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, whom she said that she had known previously at Mr. Duke's, and with whom, after the service, she had had an immensely long argument on matters of religion.

The habit of being in the hall, or on the stairs, when the postman or others knocked at the door, as well as that of keeping the door of her own room generally open, was noticed during her stay at the Abbé's, but

without any other suspicion than that of impertinent curiosity. Occasionally she would honour his English guest with her company, working most diligently and skilfully at her needle, and talking incessantly of her friend and guardian, the Rev. Mr. Duke—of Colonel B——, who had seen her safe to Ostend—of her step-father, the Rev. Mr. Marryott—of her other guardian, Mr. Parry, of Wrexham—and many more, including a great aunt of large property, which was all to come to her. Her great trunk, with its valuables, including *her dear mamma's miniature*, was a frequent subject of lamentation, till she heard from a Mr. Frederick King, of the Customs, to whom she had addressed a letter of inquiry, that it was safe, and would be forwarded to her when she pleased, though he advised her to leave it under his charge until her domicile was fixed.

The readers of the preceding volume will feel interested in the following extract. It is from a letter of the Abbé's friend, the lady who has kindly furnished the foregoing particulars.

"One of the most singular instances that presents itself to my memory of Miss G——'s skilful and daring mixture of truth with falsehood, and certainly the coolest proof of stony-heartedness I ever met with, was a deliberate recollection that she gave me one day during lunch or breakfast, of the sermon which you mention in your tale as having been preached by Mr. Luke, in the hope of touching her conscience.

"She said, Mr. Duke entreated her, before she left

her religion to go once more to hear him preach, an
she knew from the text (which she gave me) that th
sermon was intended for her. She then gave a sort
analysis of the sermon, and described the emotion
Mrs. Duke, who sat beside her, in a way that touche
me—without an alteration of countenance, or a chang
in the flippancy of her manner—to denote a sense
what a cost it is, to give pain to those we love, even fo
conscience' sake."

On the 18th of March, 1849, Marie had been bap
tized as a Protestant in Orange Street Chapel, Leicest
Square, London; and on the 23rd of July, 1850, sh
was baptized as a Roman Catholic in the church
Saint Gudule, Brussels; this, as there is reason t
believe, being her *third* conversion to popery withi
the space of six years.

After a residence of a few weeks in the house of th
kind-hearted Abbé, Marie transferred herself to th
guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Seager, to whom she ha
been introduced by the Abbé soon after her arrival i
Brussels. She availed herself of this introduction t
become one of their family for upwards of fourtee
months. Here Mr. Seager will himself take up th
narrative in a volume entitled "The Female Jesu
Abroad," which he is about giving to the public; an
as the reader may feel interested in knowing the partie
who were the next sufferers by her deceptions, it ma
be well at this juncture to introduce them in du
form.

Charles Seager, Esq., M.A., son of the late accomplished Hellenist of the same name, was formerly a scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, and a clergyman of the Established Church. He had for some years given the preparatory lectures in Hebrew with which the liberality of Dr. Pusey supplies the Oxford students. In October, 1843, Mr. Seager seceded to the Roman Catholic Church, and was followed by Mrs. Seager a twelvemonth later. In the summer of 1850, they were temporary residents in Brussels, when it was their lot to fall in with Marie.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARIE'S FOURTH BIRTH-PLACE.

We must leave Marie to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Seager, and pass over a period of nearly fifteen months, diversified with as romantic a series of conversions and persecutions, marriages and burials, tragic accidents and violent deaths, startling and strange reverses, as it has ever been the lot of the most enwrapt novel reader to meet with in the most entrancing novel. The tale which the novelist is content to write, Marie acted. The farce which the stage-player condenses into an evening's amusement, she extended with unwearying activity and variety, and the most perfect imitation of nature, through all the details of her daily life.

But we must leave her as we have said to Mr. Seager's care, and referring our readers to him for her wonderful story, must request them to take a trip with us to North Wales, and visit a tract of pleasing and fertile country, bordering on the river Dee, and embracing the eastern part of Denbighshire, and the detached portion of Flintshire. It is an interesting locality, for it includes the

scene of Marie's birth-place and early history. Let not the readers of the previous volume start at this announcement, for the Hindoo in his various imaginary transmigrations has scarcely had a greater variety of birth-places, or a more numerous parentage than our heroine. We have called this her fourth birth-place, but the disclosure of her entire history would probably allow us to name a much higher number.

"The Pymrydd" is the place which has had the honour of Marie's latest nativity. The glowing memories of childhood doubtless enlarged its dimensions and magnified its beauties, for her description of the original tenement and surrounding grounds, greatly exceeded the reality. It is in fact a little mill, distant about three miles and a half from the town of Wrexham; and is situated on a stream which divides the extreme eastern portion of the parish from those of Marchwiel and Bangor. The little mill itself is picturesque from its old and dilapidated condition, partaking very much of the character of the old Welsh mills, which afford such interesting subjects for the pencil. The stream rises in the upper part of the parish, in the mountainous district of Minera; and after passing through rich meadow land, empties itself a mile beyond the Pymrydd into the Dee. The township road passes close to the mill, intercepting the stream in five separate places within a small compass, whence it derives its name of Pymrydd, or Five-fords.

The mill is a low building with a dwelling-house

adjoining it. The situation is low and damp, and it would never have been selected for a gentleman's residence. No one lives or has ever been known to live there but the old miller himself!

Llwyn On (the grove of the ash), another name which frequently occurs in Marie's correspondence, is about a mile from the mill, nearer Wrexham. It stands on an eminence with a wood at its back.

Overton is a place specially signalized in Marie's new history. It is a neat village seven miles from Wrexham. The high road from Wrexham to Ellesmere passes through it. It stands upon a brow, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding mountain range, and of the Dee meandering through

J. Townshend. Tottvalleyn
January 26. 1852.
Vale of the DEE looking towards Llangollen
from OVERTON Flintshire

the meadows and the wooded defiles beyond. The church is picturesque, encircled by its numerous sombre yew trees, which must have long been tenants of the ground. Overton rectory is fixed upon by Marie as the scene of various melancholy occurrences, but unfortunately for the verification of her description, Overton has no rectory house. It is a perpetual curacy annexed to Bangor, and the curate is obliged to rent a residence in the village. From this gentleman's garden an extensive view is obtained of the valley of the Dee, flowing gently beneath in the form of a horse-shoe. It may be traced nearly to Llangollen, its sides clothed with hanging woods, while in the distance the river is occasionally seen as a white line tumbling over its rocky bed.

The kindness of John Townshend, Esq., of Trevallyn Hall, has furnished the sketch of the valley of the Dee which appears in this volume. It indicates the horse-shoe winding of the stream which Milman apostrophises in his poem of "Samor,"

> "Bard-belov'd river, that with serpent coil,
> Dost seem as thou would'st mingle with thyself
> To wander o'er again the same loved course."

It was on the banks of the river so celebrated in poetry, that Marie represented herself as having a few years later often wandered with her lover, and many references will be found to the surrounding country in Mr. Seager's narrative. We pretend not to decide in what precise parts of that neighbourhood she chose her

favourite walks with Eustace, and subsequently with Wynne. The sketch will serve to give an idea of the kind of scenery to be met with on the banks of the Dee, and which was certainly well suited for these interesting rambles.

It may have been observed that in her letters to Mrs. Jobson, she speaks of visiting a Mrs. Trelawney of Trevallyn, and it may be as well to mention that no person of that name ever lived there. She seems to have clung in imagination with a certain tenacity to that neighbourhood; and it will be allowed that she she showed some taste in the selection of a locality for her early life.

Having removed with Mr. and Mrs. Seager and their family from Brussels to Bonn, and having safely escaped from all troublesome inquiry or pursuit, Marie found leisure to think of her "dear friends" in North Wales, and to commence a correspondence which was carried on with great vigour and spirit on both sides, and in which Mr. and Mrs. Seager were soon deeply interested. Her principal correspondent, and the medium through whom her letters to other friends were transmitted, was a Mrs. Charles Cunliffe of Lluynon, with whom the reader will become better acquainted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

DISCOVERY AND PURSUIT.

FAR removed, both in distance and change of association, from the sphere of her former friends at Cromwell Terrace, Marie doubtless exulted in her security, and her imagination ventured on even bolder flights than she had yet attempted. North Wales she also knew was far enough from them, and the persons to whom she wrote could never betray her. Yet silently and surely a mine was springing for her in that neighbourhood, which was soon to explode under her in the distant city of Bonn, and it will be necessary to explain by whom the work was accomplished.

The reader may perhaps have surmised that Mrs. Cunliffe of Lluynon, is an ideal personage, as much a phantom of Marie's brain as the Uncle Clifford of former days. But though there is no Mrs. Cunliffe of Lluynon, there is a Mrs. Cunliffe of Llwynissa, into whose hands the faithful postman of Wrexham delivers the first letter. She opens it, and sees the names of Lilly, Elizabeth, and others unknown to her. She

glances at the signature and says, "This letter cannot be for me." She shows it to her family, who are well known for the stability and consistency of their Protestant views. They, in their turn, remarking the references to Romanism, are only so much the more perplexed to fathom the drift of the writer, as well as her identity, or their own conceivable connexion with her lucubrations, and the letter is forthwith returned to the post-office. A few weeks afterwards another packet comes, and is in like manner returned.

So had Marie anticipated. She had concluded that, as in her uncle's case, the letters would come back to her again. She had calculated well, but she knew not as yet that through the publication of her previous story, her plots and stratagems had become widely known; and that her portrait and hand-writing were staring out from the booksellers' windows in many a street of many a town and city in old England to warn her unsuspecting countrymen.

In the interval during which Marie's letters were travelling back to Bonn, a lady in the circle to which reference has been made, had been to Chester, on a visit to the Rev. Chancellor Raikes. "The Female Jesuit" had been read there with interest, in consequence of Mr. Luke's former residence in Chester; and there also had the lady ascertained the authenticity of the narrative. The volume meanwhile had found its way into the "Wrexham Ladies' Book Club," and was going the round of the members. While perusing it together

Mr. and Mrs. G. Cunliffe were struck with the general similarity of plot, as well as with the apparent identity in style of the "Uncle's" letters with the two which they had themselves so recently received, and which had been the subject of so much mysterious perplexity to so many members of their family. They applied through a friend to Mr. and Mrs. Luke to request a specimen of Marie's handwriting, which was immediately forwarded to them. They had a distinct recollection of the peculiar formation of some of the capitals in the letter they had received, and they identified the same characters in the specimen of Marie's writing. But the letters had been returned through the post-office, and could not be recovered.

Some weeks passed over without the arrival of any further despatches, and the parties interested began to fear that Marie was on the alert, and that they should hear no more of her, when one morning as they were on the point of starting for London to see the wonders of the Great Exhibition, a packet for "Miss Thompson," directed to their care, arrived from Bonn. The letter bore the Bonn postmark, was inscribed "chargé" and "recommandirt," and had five little black seals, indicative of a registered letter on the Continent, each stamped with a cross moline. The envelope contained two letters, both addressed to Elizabeth.

Mrs. G. Cunliffe was now delighted that her old correspondent had not altogether relinquished her intercourse; but as it was within a few minutes of the time

when she was to meet other members of her family from Trevallyn at the station, to proceed together by train to London, she put the packet aside till they might together sit in council upon the propriety of opening a despatch to which she herself had a somewhat questionable claim. The objections raised were soon overruled; in some measure, perhaps, by the unrestrainable curiosity of the party, but more decisively by the very legitimate reasoning of Mrs. C. herself, "that Miss Thompson was probably a visionary personage, who might never call her to account for her violated correspondence: or, if indeed the young lady had any corporeal existence at all, she regarded it as highly reprehensible that while resident under her roof, and amenable to her care, she should encourage a foreign correspondence without her knowledge." This was voted so unanswerable, that the five mysterious seals were consecutively broken, and the letter with its enclosure beguiled the tedium of the journey till the train glided up to the platform of the station at Shrewsbury.

Only two days had passed when Mr. and Mrs. Luke met the party by appointment at their breakfast-table in Welbeck Street. Mr. and Mrs. L. were accompanied by a young lady whose name, when introduced, they did not accurately catch; but what was their surprise when, in the course of conversation, Mr. Luke alluded to her as "Miss Thompson," the veritable Miss Thompson, who was on a visit at that very time to the vicar of Wrexham, at his imaginary residence Lluynon, whose

correspondence Mrs. G. C. had so unceremoniously intercepted, and in whose possession at that very moment was the five-fold evidence of her temerity, in the violated seals, the open envelope, and its well discussed contents. Miss Thompson, however, immediately absolved the guilty party from all evil consequences, on the easy condition that she should be allowed to read her own letter forthwith, and retain its custody for the future. As the reader may by this time sympathize in her impatience for its perusal it shall be given at once.

"*Bonn, Thursday.*

"My very dear Lizzie,

"It was with feelings of deep regret that I read the melancholy tidings of dear Jemima's illness. Truly do I sympathize with you in your sorrow for the poor afflicted one. From what you have said I fear she may be no more, but I do hope and pray that my fears may not prove true. I do wish it had been possible for me to have seen her once again; but God has willed it otherwise, so I must think that all has been ordered for the best. It is very painful to think of dear Jemima having turned a deaf ear to so many loud calls of God. The only hope we can have in such a case is, that she has not wilfully and deliberately closed her ears and eyes against the truth, but that invincible ignorance has been the sole cause of her blindness. Nothing we know can help her but incessant prayer; for as you very justly observed in one of your recent letters, there is the same mercy for her as for us; then why should we despair of even the most unlikely?

"I feel it to be a peculiarly painful duty to write now about your dear sister, because I am writing as it were in the dark, not knowing whether she is still living or no. I commenced writing to her a few days ago, but I shall not of

course send the letter till I hear further from you. If she is still living, assure her of my deep and sincere sympathy with her under such bitter and accumulated sufferings; tell her that I often think of her, and often pray for her, and tell her how glad I should have been to have been able, had circumstances permitted it, to be with her not only to sympathize with her, but to have returned, in some small degree, the manifold and continued kindness I received from her during my long and severe illness, which kindness will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

"I feel quite incapable, dear Lizzie, of giving you any comfort and consolation, for I cannot find words to express what I should wish to say; all that I can do is to tell you to look to the Strong for strength. He will be your rock and shield in the hour of the trial and sorrow. He has said 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be;' so fear not, but hope in the Lord. We all pray for you and the poor sufferer, and we shall continue to pray for you.

"Poor little Arnold, it is distressing beyond anything to think of him; his dear mother must indeed have suffered on his account. It is a most harrowing and heart-rending sight to see a fond mother's agony in parting with a beloved child. I have witnessed such a scene. Never shall I forget my own dear mother's last hours—the struggles and the tears it cost her: but what must it be to a mother who has to leave her child feeble and helpless on the world? I do hope Mrs. Blunt may have the care of the darling, for he will find in her a kind and fond parent; I don't know of any one who would take so much care of him as she. She would take as much as if he were her own. Friday afternoon I had purposed sending you a long letter, but Mrs. S. wished to send it to day, so I am obliged to stop short of one-third I wished to say. Mrs. S. desires me to tell you that, as soon as you are ready to come, you must come on here, as it is not improbable that

we may remain here a little time longer than before intended. I am so anxious to see you.

"I was much pleased to hear of Bennett's decision; I hope nothing will occur to prevent her following out her present good intentions. Remember me to her, and tell her that I sincerely congratulate her on her happy decision.

"I do trust dear Betsey will ere long resolve to become one with us in the household of faith. She will make a nice Catholic. I am very desirous that Jane and her worthy husband should visit the Continent. I hope nothing will occur to prevent their proposed visit. I am afraid it won't do for me to go to Paris, it would be a very exciting journey for me. I am considerably better than I was two or three weeks ago. A lady comes now for two hours every day to teach me French and German, so perhaps I shall make something out of French now.

"I really cannot stop to say much more. I was indeed surprised to hear of your book. I wish you every good success. What will your papa say to it? Won't he be enraged? Give my very dear love to poor Jemima, assure her of my sympathy, tell her that I have prayed for her, and shall continue to pray for her.

"With much love and sympathy from Mrs. S. and myself,

"I am,

"Ever, dearest Lizzie,

"Yours most affectionately,

"MARIE."

The second note was as follows:—

"My dear Miss Thompson,

"The more I consider your kind proposal of dedicating to me the valuable little work you are intending to publish, the less I feel disposed to approve the plan. In the

first place I see no good likely to arise from it; on the contrary, I cannot see the appropriateness, even on general grounds, of dedicating a religious work to a private layman, without so much as the external advantage of rank or position; and with the disadvantage, too, of belonging to the proscribed class of '*married converts*,' whose insignificance in the Catholic world is so politely intimated in a review in the Catholic Standard of Saturday week ('Literature,' article 1); while, on the other hand, to a conscience like mine, and to those who know me and my antecedents better than *you* can be supposed to do, such a dedication (however deeply I appreciate the kindness which has prompted it) may, with no small reason, be regarded as an equivocal, not to say at once an *ironical*, compliment. If, however, your advisers, *after reading the above*, still approve your proposal, I will waive my own ideas and feelings; and, stipulating only for your having the kindness not to say '*by permission*,' (as that certainly would be giving the thing a consequence most unpleasant to my feelings) leave the matter in your hands. I still hope, however, that further consideration may lead you to spare both your book and myself a kind of connection which (however kind its proposal) will, as it seems to me, be desirable for neither. While on this subject allow me to recommend you, *in addition* to the usual professional correction, to read with care yourself the proofs of your intended publication.

"We feel deeply for poor Mrs. Duke; could you not get her to pray from the bottom of her heart for contrition and love in their highest perfection, together with the highest desire to conform, cost what it may, to the whole will and good pleasure of God, and with such prayers to strive continually to make the most earnest acts of each of these three graces? To do this is what she cannot object to; and if the prejudices of her education amount to 'invincible ignorance,' (and why should they not?) we know that one perfect (humanly perfect) act of

contrition will effect at once, through the all-prevailing sacrifice of the cross, the salvation of her soul. Do then, if it is yet in your power, by any and every means, strive to bring this about; which has also the advantage, that if her ignorance is not invincible, such devotions are far more powerful than any argument for overcoming it; and, if she will not take it amiss, entreat her also on Mrs. Seager's and my part (who ourselves pray earnestly for her, in this at least, in the supplications and pourings out of contrition, love, and desire of conformity with the whole will and good pleasure of God, to unite her heart with ours. Strive for this point, whether personally or by letter; ask this of God as a paternal gift of love to yourself, an *étrenne*, as it were, to his newly recovered child; gain it by the omnipotent intercession of an immaculate Mother's heart; and how great will be your joy through eternity with her whom you will have been an instrument in snatching from destruction to shine for ever in the paradise of God!

"That God may vouchsafe you this, and in all things help, guide, support, and prosper you, is the earnest prayer of

"Yours most sincerely in Christ,

"C. SEAGER.

"*Baumschule, Bonn am Rhein,*
"*Prussia; May* 23, 1851.

"P.S.—Our plans are as yet uncertain, but when once you leave England, where, so far as we can see, the probability of your usefulness is the greatest, I do not see what you would gain by depriving us of the pleasure of seeing you here. Mrs. Seager desires me to add her kind love, and say how glad she will be to receive yourself and Lady Charlotte at Bonn. In the meantime we earnestly commend ourselves and our intentions to your kind prayers. Adieu."

It was very evident from these letters, that Marie had imposed upon Mr. and Mrs. Seager as completely as upon Mr. and Mrs. Luke. She was now apparently an avowed Roman Catholic, and representing Elizabeth as a convert also: carrying on a fictitious correspondence in Elizabeth's name, and intercepting returned letters. She had imagined, that in a part so distant as North Wales, and using the Christian names only of her former friends, her characters would never be identified, and that the letters would be returned. She was evidently unaware of the publication of the book which had so singularly led to her detection, and was taking lessons in French and German at the expense of her present friends, and affecting ill-health, according to her practice in former days.

It was not so easy to decide what course to pursue. That Christian kindness and uprightness indicated the duty of undeceiving Mr. Seager, all unhesitatingly agreed, but how it was to be done was the question. It was obvious that it would not be safe to trust to the post, a communication which must then inevitably pass through Marie's own hands; nor was it every messenger who would have sufficient tact and prudence, and accurate knowledge of all the parties and circumstances, to execute so difficult a commission.

Such a messenger, however, they sought to find. They inquired in all directions for some person who might be going to Bonn, and who would undertake to see Mr. Seager, but they sought in vain; and as June

and July passed over without the arrival of any more letters from the Continent, they again began to doubt whether Marie might not have taken wing and escaped beyond their pursuit.

In August the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in London, and among the numerous interesting foreigners who were present, Mr. and Mrs. Luke endeavoured to find one who would assist them in pursuing the inquiry. They were introduced to a Protestant minister from Bonn, and through him they ascertained that Mr. Seager was still a resident in the Baumschule, and that under his care was a young English lady, who was actively engaged in proselytizing, and who, as he then understood, had to his great regret, been instrumental in converting to popery a young lady in his own congregation.

On receiving this intelligence, Mr. Luke resolved no longer to wait for the intervention of others, but at once himself to undertake the journey to Mr. Seager. As Mr. and Mrs. Thompson wished to attend the approaching conference of the German churches at Elberfeld, it was resolved that they should go together, and take Bonn in their way. And lest there should be any difficulty in convincing Mr. Seager, it was settled that instead of Mrs. Luke, who could not leave her children, Elizabeth, who was so fully acquainted with Marie's previous history, should accompany her brother, and confirm his testimony.

The passports were speedily obtained, and other ar-

rangements made, and with as little luggage, and as many French and German tracts as they could contrive to carry, one fine moonlight night, September the 8th, 1851, they embarked at one o'clock in the morning for Ostend. Here we will leave them for a short time, to present the reader with some letters which arrived after their departure, the introduction of which at a later period would be a greater interruption to the narrative. They had been received by the Reverend George Cunliffe, of Wrexham, and forwarded by him to Mrs. Luke, and may be interesting as specimens of Marie's Welsh correspondence.

CHAPTER X.

ENIGMATICAL LETTERS.

A CAREFUL perusal of the following letters may possibly furnish the reader with some clue to Marie's plots at this period. Should he find them unintelligible, we must refer him to Mr. Seager's forthcoming work for full explanation.

"*Bonn, August 25th*, 1851.

"My poor dear Mary,

"I cannot tell you how much I have been shocked by dear Betsey's letter. It is indeed a most terrible blow for you—a trial too great for human aids to alleviate. It is God alone that can sustain you under it, for in such a case vain is the help of man. He who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, will not forsake you if you put your trust in him. Human sympathy is of little avail, or else gladly would I, if it were permitted me, pour the balm of consolation into the wound made by the loss of the dearest object of your affection. Oh! dearest Mary, I wish I could give utterance to all I feel; but you know me too well to need any expressions of mine to convince you of how I feel for you under your heavy bereavement. Silence is often the most expressive language of a full heart: I find

it so at the present moment. It must, dearest friend, be a great source of comfort to you, even amidst so dreadful a trial, that the life of your darling boy is preserved; he will now be doubly dear to you; and though his presence will often bring painful reminiscences to your mind, yet it must always call forth gratitude to God for having saved the life of so dear a little one. This sad event, as you may easily suppose, has brought vividly before me the past sorrows of the Pymrhydd; for it was there I lost my dear and fond papa: that cherished spot has indeed been the scene of much domestic joy and sorrow; but I must refrain from these allusions, for it is too painful a subject for me to dwell upon.

"Had circumstances permitted it, how glad I should have been to have personally sympathized with you. Somehow I feel so completely one of you, that your joy is my joy, and your grief my grief. I do hope and pray that dearest Jane may receive no serious injury from the great shock she has received. I am so glad Miss Mayburys are with you, as they will be such a comfort to you. I intend to write to Jane to-morrow; I feel too ill to do so to-day. Tell her that we are still in Bonn, and shall stay till we hear what her plans are. I hope she has sent me a remittance. I shall write to Oxford in the morning. I wish I could write you a longer letter, but on the whole it is perhaps better I should not. What shall I say in conclusion? All that I can say or do is to assure you of my sincerest sympathy, and to commend you to God and his grace, which can alone afford you true comfort and consolation. That this your heavy affliction may be sanctified to you and yours is the most earnest and anxious prayer of

"Yours ever affectionately,

"MARIE L. WYNEFRYDE G——.

"To Mrs. Maybury."

"My very dear Jane,

"It will require no expression of mine to convince you how much your dear friend sympathizes with you in your many bitter trials. I feel that the late heavy bereavement must have given you all a sorrow so beyond all human consolation, that I cannot venture to do more than direct your mind to the source of all comfort. He who hath afflicted is alone able to be your rock in the hour of sorrow and affliction. Death is a most solemn thing come when it may, but under such painful circumstances as poor Maybury's, it is indeed terrible. What must be dear Mary's anguish—an anguish too great for utterance! What a lesson all these things teach us! yet how one event passes after another without our having received any lasting fruit from them. 'The Lord speaketh once, yea twice, and man regardeth it not.' I am sure this is my own experience, for really during the past year, I have had such an accumulation of troubles, and yet I cannot say that I have profited by any one of them. I do hope that poor Maybury is by this time found. If he is not, your suspense will be almost beyond endurance. You must, dear Jane, for the sake of those most dear to you, take every possible care of yourself. If you don't, there is no knowing the consequences. I begin almost to fear that you are ill, as I have not heard from you. This is not the time to speak of my own great disappointment in not seeing you ere now. One ought certainly to learn one thing from all such disappointments—not to fix our hearts and minds on the fleeting things of time.

"Did you receive a letter from Mr. Seager, in which was enclosed one from me to Betsey? A letter you wrote to me some weeks ago, which Betsey mentioned to me, has not reached me. There is also one waiting for you in Paris, addressed to the post-office. Please send for it. We are still

in Bonn, and shall remain here till we know what are your decided plans. From Rome we go to Brussels.

"Has Maybury made a will? If so, who are his trustees? I very much fear he has not been able to save a great deal. Poor Mary has now a heavy task devolving on her. I should hope that your uncle William will now do something handsome, and not wait till his death occurs.

"Since hearing the melancholy intelligence, I have thought so much upon past events that have taken place at *the Pymrydd.* You have shared with me many, very many joys, and sorrows too, *on that dear cherished spot,* and I often wish I loved it less! In your last letter you alluded to the change that some of my friends had seen in me. I have indeed lost all my natural vivacity and great flow of spirits. I have never been the same in any way since that time. I am less amiable in every way. I care less than ever I did to go out into society; but one thing is, that visiting here and visiting in Wales are so very different. When I go into company here, I feel as a complete stranger would do. I never feel at home as I do among my own people. I like Miss Herbert very much. Both she and Lady Harriet are very kind to me. They are both great lovers of Wales.

"I am just now very low-spirited. The state of my mind and health make me so. By the time you receive this letter, Eustace's letter will have arrived. It is, dear Jane, after all I have suffered, a great comfort to me to feel that he is so truly penitent. With all his unkindness, I still love him. How can it be otherwise? I may be blamed; but if those who blame me have not passed through the same troubles as mine, they cannot enter into all I have endured. To have lost him by death would have been nothing compared with the loss of his affections; but notwithstanding all that has passed, I would not for one moment think of accepting him. To say nothing of religion, there are circumstances which would ever

prevent my marrying Eustace. You say that you do not know to what to attribute my unhappiness—whether to remorse, &c. That has I assure you a great deal to do with it. I don't get on as I wish. I have been in so many troubles that you will quite wonder when you hear of them; then my health makes me irritable and anxious; then I am dying for my harp. Miss H. wishes me to go to the Abergavenny fête next year; it is near her brother's estate. I am very glad Mrs. Duke is staying in Overton.

"Do send my money; at the least £100. Mr. Seager received his account from Oxford. There was no entry of the £45 Mr. Boydell sent me. Will you please inquire into it? Ask dear Betsey to forward £1 to Birkenhead. I wish also another £1 to be sent to the Good Shepherds of Hammersmith, London; also 10s. to Poplar, London; and 10s. to Weedon; and Chester Hospital subscription is now due. Next year, if I live, I hope to double it, but I cannot this year. Don't forget my subscription of £1 to the Royal Harpers' Society.

"I do hope and pray, dearest Jane, that you will be able to visit us soon, either in Bonn or Belgium. Come as soon as you can. I assure you it is of the highest importance that I should see you soon. I trust that you are not angry with me for not consenting to return. Please ask Betsey to write to me at once. It is too much to ask you to do so. I am hoping every day to receive a letter from you. Mr. and Mrs. Seager feel so much for you all, and I have no doubt they prayed for you all. I am sure I may venture to send their very kind regards, as well as sincerest sympathy. Give my very dear love to your papa, as well as to the rest of your dear circle. Accept, my dearest Jane, the fond love of her who ceases not to pray for you, and to love you with undiminished affection. Believe me ever through life to be,

"Your unchanged and sympathizing friend,

"MARIE.

"If you send a remittance, forward it, through Coutts and Co., to Mr. Jonas Cahn, Bonn, unless Jones and Boydell's have direct dealings with Mr. Cahn. *Don't send it by Oxford.* I should like £75 of it, if convenient for me to have so much just now.

"To Mrs. Cunliffe,
"Lluynon,
"To be left at the Post-office,
"Wrexham, Denbighshire,
"North Wales, England."

"*Bonn, Thursday.*

"My dearest Emma,

"As I am sending a letter into Wales, I thought I would just take the opportunity of enclosing you a few lines. You have of course heard of the melancholy death of poor Maybury. What a sad blow for our very dear friends! Will all these trials end, think you, in the conversion of any one of them? I very much fear that the great shock will prove too much for dear Jane. I have great hopes that your prayers, and those of the good nuns, will do great things for many of our friends in Wales. How do you like a convent life? Tell me when you write. Will you please ask Rev. Mother to allow the four children to speak Welsh when they are together; for I should wish to choose one of the boys, the one that is in every way the most fit, and to send him, when old enough, to the Jesuits' college near St. Asaph, and if he shows any sign of a vocation, have him brought up for the priesthood; so I am very desirous that they should keep up their own language. Many thanks for your truly faithful letter. The only fault I had to find with it was, that it was rather too much of a sermon. I am, dear Emma, tempted many times to give up in despair; for instead of advancing in virtue and good works, I have gone back considerably since I became a

Catholic; so the year's end from my reception finds me in every way a far worse Christian than when I first set out. Sometimes I think I should get on much better if I were in Wales. You see with strangers one is so often misunderstood, and a disposition like mine is so very liable to be so; and then that frets and annoys me. Then I give way to pride and temper, which only makes the matter worse. I fret a great deal now, which has a very bad effect on my health and spirits. I feel that Mr. and Mrs. S. can have no real esteem for me, and that it is only their great anxiety for my soul's eternal interest that makes them kind and attentive to me. This thought pains me exceedingly. It haunts me by day and by night. My own conscience makes me not happy with them, or otherwise I might be, for I have in them the kindest and most faithful friends. I am now in a very anxious state. There is every reason to suppose that (mentioning a new and distressing complaint). What to do I don't know. I see no other chance but to return home; for to be ill a long time, troubling my kind friends as I should be obliged to do, would be more than I could bear. Then again, if I fancied myself in the way, I should fret, so what would you advise me to do? Pray for me, but don't pray that I may be a nun. You should not have shown Jane Mrs. Seager's note, for she is quite terrified lest I should have any thoughts of becoming a nun. If you are allowed, tell me what you do, and as much more as you can about the convent.

"Pray that I may become good. Pray for Mr. and Mrs. Seager and their dear little boys. Begging the prayers of your good community, believe me, dearest Emma, with much love, ever

"Your attached friend,

"MARIE WYNEFRYDE.

"To Miss Holmes,

"Convent,

"Mount St. Vernon, Liverpool."

CHAPTER XI.

DECEASED FRIENDS REAPPEAR.

THE reader may wish to rejoin the party of travellers whom we left at Ostend on the morning of Tuesday, September the 9th. At this most uninviting place they rested two or three hours only, reached Brussels by train that evening, visited Waterloo on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning started by railway for Cologne. Thence they took steamer to Bonn, and were landed there at twelve o'clock at night.

The reception of the travellers at Bonn was sufficiently cheerless, and quite in keeping with their errand. The place looked black and dismal, and one little oil lamp only was swinging backwards and forwards at the head of the pier. They were the only passengers landed at Bonn, and as the steamer drew in her cable, and the busy wheels and rushing water told that she was bearing the rest of the passengers on to Coblentz, they became aware of their solitude. The inhabitants (for they keep early hours on the Continent) were all gone to rest. There was no cab or conveyance of any kind, and two porters from the hotels were

the only human beings visible. One of these had a truck, on which he took the luggage. The weary travellers followed him on foot through the long, narrow, miserable looking streets, in which the wheels of the truck, the pattering of their feet, and the few words that fell from them occasionally, were the only sounds that broke on the stillness of the night. To Mrs. Thompson, who was exhausted with an unusual amount of fatigue at Brussels and Waterloo, the pilgrimage seemed interminable. Again and again she declared her utter inability to proceed a step further. Elizabeth cheered and persuaded by turns, till at length they reached the "Coblentz gate." This was a heavy archway, guarded by a single sentinel, and a few paces beyond it was the hotel. The sound of the great bell at the latter seemed enough to alarm the neighbourhood. Five minutes elapsed before it was answered, and then down came the landlord in his dressing-gown and slippers, apparently doubtful whether to be pleased or otherwise at the untimely disturbance. It was too late for the hungry travellers to get anything to eat, for there being no expectation of arrivals at such an hour, there had been no preparation made. They were conducted to the only rooms that could be so hastily assigned them, and there they gladly betook themselves to rest till the morning broke.

Before seven o'clock on the following morning, after a brief night's repose, Mr. Luke and Elizabeth were off to the residence of the Rev. Theodor Plitt, the Protes-

tant minister before mentioned, to confer with him on the best plan of opening the communication with Mr. Seager. It was resolved that a note should be written, not by Mr. L., lest Marie should get sight of it, but by Mr. Plitt, whose hand was unknown. It was to this effect—

"Two English gentlemen, taking a short tour on the Continent, are anxious to have an interview with Mr. Seager. As the subject on which they wish to consult him is of a confidential nature, they request that the meeting may be with him alone. They are staying at the Hôtel Royal, where they will be happy to see him at any hour that he may appoint."

The note written, Mr. L. and Elizabeth hastened back to the hôtel, to be again under cover before Marie was abroad. They beckoned the *commissionaire* out into the garden, that no one might hear their instructions about the note. As he only spoke French, Elizabeth repeated the directions twice or thrice to be sure that he understood them. He was told that it was a very important note, and that he must take it at once to Mr. Seager's, ask to see him, and if not at home, give it into no other person's hands, but bring it back to them. During his absence they breakfasted, and then most anxiously waited his return. It was some distance from the hotel to the Baumschule, and he was nearly two hours gone. Wishing to be down stairs on his return, they waited in the salle-à-manger. At last his face appeared at the door, and he informed them that he had taken the note, and that Mr. Seager would be

with them at half-past two. They inquired if he had seen Mr. Seager? "No: Madame Seager," he answered. "Any one else?" Elizabeth asked, impatiently. "Only some children," was his reply.

Fearful of encountering Marie, Mr. Luke and Elizabeth did not venture beyond the garden. As the hour drew on, they repaired to the sitting-room to wait Mr. Seager's expected visit, and took out their documentary evidence in readiness for his arrival. At last the door opened, and without the announcement of his name, a gentleman entered. He bowed, and Mr. Luke bowed. Mr. Seager was the first to speak, and looking hard at the two strangers, he said, "I have not the pleasure of remembering you."

"No," said Mr. Luke. "I am a stranger to you, but I wish to see you on very important business;" and he begged Mr. Seager to be seated.

Mr. Seager turned a most inquiring look on both, and Mr. Luke took out of his bag Mr. Seager's letter to Elizabeth of May 23rd and placed it in his hands, saying, "In order to introduce the subject, I present you with your note. You remember this?"

Mr. Seager looked at it, opened it, and with a look of mingled surprise and curiosity, answered "Yes."

Looking from him to Elizabeth, Mr. Luke said, "I now introduce to you the Miss Thompson, to whom this note is addressed."

Mr. Seager put the note down, and looking hard at her, said, "No; the lady to whom I addressed this letter is dead."

"And I," continued Mr. L., "am the Mr. Duke referred to in Marie's letters. My real name is Luke."

Mr. Seager turned his eyes from one to the other, and said, with an expression which paper cannot convey, "No! you were represented as dead too!"

He paused, and well he might. Yet it was not so much the discovery of Marie's falsehood that overwhelmed him; for that of late he had been gradually and painfully prepared. Nor was it the breaking up of her plot, though that had come like a thunderclap. Another feeling unconnected with herself predominated, and it was that of *disappointment.*

Elizabeth had been represented as a convert to the Church of Rome, and her conversion had been assigned mainly to a pamphlet of Mr. Seager's. Her cousin, a "Lady Charlotte," and Sarah, Mrs. Luke's nurse, had subsequently become proselytes. Elizabeth's death, tidings of which had been received in June, and which was attributed to the persecution of her father, had been followed by the conversion of a Miss Randalls, a sister of Mrs. Cunliffe. The greater part of these converts had been more or less benefitted by Mr. Seager's book, and his ardent religious feeling allowed scope for a prospective and still widening circle beyond.

To his bewildered apprehension it now seemed as if the angelic visions so frequently conjured up by Marie's glowing representations had all suddenly vanished, and given place to a dark and dreary blank.

Mr. Luke, by even Marie's account the most blameless

of heretics, and for the repose of whose soul many a prayer had been offered up in Bonn, was living and present before him. Elizabeth, whom, as she had died a martyr, he had thankfully and joyfully regarded as already a saint in heaven, was still a heretic on earth; and all the list of converts who had followed in her train, had with her altered position passed out of existence.

A few moments of silence followed the announcement, and Mr. Luke continued: "I think I ought to be perfectly frank with you. It is my painful duty to inform you, that you have an impostor under your roof. I am a Protestant minister. In 1849 Marie came to me at my chapel in Orange Street, Leicester Square;" and he related the whole history. Mr. Seager did not interpose a word till his informant approached the conclusion of the whole story, and inquired—"Were you prepared for such a communication?" "I was," replied Mr. Seager, "*unhappily.*"

Mr. Luke continued his recital up to the time when Marie was landed at Ostend, and seen to take train for Ghent. He stated that she had been seen again in London subsequently. "No," said Mr. Seager, "that cannot be, for I can now take up the narrative from my own knowledge." He then informed them, at length, under what circumstances Marie had made their acquaintance, and subsequently transferred herself to their care. He stated that this arrangement had in the first instance been projected for a few weeks only, but she had contrived to prolong it through a period of thirteen

months. It had been settled that she should refund her expenses at her own time and convenience; but owing to various inopportune occurrences, no remittances had yet been received. After leaving Brussels, she had proceeded with them to Bonn, not then intending to stay so long, but owing to the expected visits of Lady Charlotte and Elizabeth, Mrs. Charles Cunliffe and Miss Randalls, their stay had been prolonged to this time.

Mr. Seager then went into detail respecting Marie's conduct till the announcement of the dinner hour interrupted the conversation. Mr. Luke said, "You will allow me to introduce you to the Honorable Mrs. Thompson, who, as her name is Charlotte, may have suggested the Lady Charlotte of Marie's acquaintance;" and he called in Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. A few words were interchanged, and Mr. Seager, putting his hand to his forehead, said, "I feel quite bewildered. My great difficulty will be to keep it from Marie. I think I shall not even tell Mrs. Seager." He then took his leave, and thus closed this first singular interview.

CHAPTER XII.

MARIE UNDER ARREST.

After the exciting interview described in the last chapter, Mr. Seager returned for a short time to his abode. What he felt on again meeting Marie, we presume not to say; but she discovered no alteration in his manner, and he deemed it prudent to withhold from Mrs. Seager the disclosures of the afternoon. In the evening he again called on his new acquaintances, in order to bring the matter to a practical conclusion. He entered into fuller details respecting Marie's conduct, and added, "We must now consider what is to be done with her. To acquaint her with the discovery of her wickedness, and then send her off, would only be to encourage her to repeat the same course with other parties. It strikes me that it is a case which ought to be legally dealt with."

Mr. Luke concurred in this opinion, adding, that had he, at the time of her departure from his house, known all which had subsequently transpired, he should himself have pursued a severer course.

"Well," said Mr. Seager, "whatever we do, it is of the greatest importance that it should be done at once.

You know Miss G——; and if she has the least suspicion that anything is going on, she will be off."

Mr. Luke, in reply, expressed his reluctance to be the only party to advise in such a matter, and requested Mr. Seager to confer with some judicious friend before coming to a decision. Mr. Seager then said that he would consult his friend the Curé, to whom Marie was well known; and promising to let them know the result in the morning, he withdrew.

Soon after ten the next morning he came again, and informed them that he had seen the Curé, who had at first been unable to credit the tale. Lifting up his hands in astonishment, he had said, "It is impossible;" but when convinced of its truth, he had at once agreed that she ought to be arrested. Relieved that all took the same view of the case, Mr. Luke no longer hesitated, and they both thought that no time should be lost. Elizabeth ran to put on her bonnet, and tapping at her mamma's door by the way, said, "We are going to the police court." They went down and called for a carriage. "A close one," added Mr. Seager. Unfortunately the only one to be obtained was a German britska, which, with its glass shutters, left its occupants exposed. Mr. Seager felt some apprehension lest they should meet Marie, for she had that morning proposed calling on a lady who was staying at a neighbouring hotel; and though he had requested Mrs. Seager to keep her in, he feared the possibility of her giving her the slip.

Well might Marie have been transfixed with surprise had she seen the travellers issue from the hotel; for *that* was the very hotel to which, in her fictitious invitations, she had directed some of her friends to come, and *there* she had more than once inquired for them. And now two of her friends were indeed there, back from their imaginary graves, and *her own letters* had brought them.

Mr. Seager went out to see to take a survey and in a moment beckoned to them. He sprang in, and they after him, and all crowded in under the hood. The man was directed to drive through the back streets to a house in the Viereckplatz. The gentlemen raised their hats to their faces, and Elizabeth her parasol. "As the sun did not shine," said Elizabeth, in her lively description of the scene, "it might have been supposed that we were going to the Ophthalmic Hospital. I enjoyed it, but poor Mr. Seager seemed so anxious, that I was quite sorry for him." The house to which they had been directed, proved to be the wrong one, and they got in again, and were driven to the residence of a magistrate, called the "*Staats-procurator*," a kind of provincial attorney-general. They were shown into a room, and after waiting some time, a lady made her appearance. She stated that her husband was ill, and confined to his bed, and could not possibly see anybody. Mr. Seager briefly stated the object of their application, and she recommended them to the "*Landsgericht*" or Court-house. They asked if

she would allow her servant to fetch them a close carriage. She gave directions accordingly, but a close carriage could not be obtained; and the open one having been dismissed, they were obliged to walk. They hurried through the streets in nervous dread of encountering Marie, and dared not look around them. Five minutes brought them to the Court-house, where they were shown through a long passage, and up a stone staircase into an upper office. The secretary, an intelligent and gentlemanly young German, presented himself. He understood a little French, and Mr. Seager related to him, in few words, the story of Marie's imposition both on Mr. Luke and on himself, and of their united wish to proceed against her.

The young man, whose countenance indicated an amused interest in the tale, went to communicate with his superior. In a quarter of an hour he re-appeared, and in the politest manner imaginable, requested the applicants to go into an adjoining office. He again disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a rather older and evidently more important personage. This functionary took his seat at his large official desk, and assumed a professional air, while Mr. Seager and the secretary went through the tale, Mr. Seager relating it in French, and the young man interpreting in German, stopping only for occasional correction or confirmation from Mr. Luke. The latter placed in the magistrate's hands some of "Uncle Clifford's" letters

in confirmation of his statements, and he and Mr. Seager wrote their names and addresses. The latter recommended Marie's immediate arrest, and suggested the desirableness of the police officers being in plain clothes. Looking at his watch, he said, "It will be a good time to take her now, as she will be at dinner." "Yes, a good time for you, but not for us," said they laughing, for it was their dinner hour also. They went, however, to get ready, and the secretary looked in presently for Mr. Seager, leaving Mr. Luke and Elizabeth in the office, lest an accidental encounter with Marie should give her the alarm.

Mr. Seager and the secretary proceeded to the Baumschule, where the former resided; and the German magistrate accompanied the commissary of police by another route, to avoid the observation which so many officials walking together would have occasioned. Mr. Seager and the secretary reached the Baumschule, and ascended the stair-case together. Mr. Seager opened the door, and there sat Marie and Mrs. Seager at dinner. Marie was sitting with her back to the door. She turned her head, and Mr. Seager pointed to her as the guilty party. At the suggestion of the secretary, he requested her to follow him into the study. An eager inquiry as to the object of this unwelcome summons burst from her lips. "You have only to answer the questions that are put to you," was the reply; and she passively obeyed. Mr. Seager saw that Mrs. S. was agitated, and calmed her with a brief assurance that all

was right; after which she withdrew to her own room, there to wait in patience the solution of the mystery.

The magistrate and commissary arrived, and the whole party met in the study. A few words passed, during which the name "Luke" dropped from the lips of one of the officers, and probably furnished Marie with a clue to the whole proceeding. "Now you may go and fetch the others," they said, and Mr. Seager hastened away on his errand.

Mr. Luke and Elizabeth sat waiting in the Police Court, listening for every sound. An hour had elapsed; and not knowing the distance, they began to wonder what had occurred. At length Mr. Seager re-entered. He looked ill and wearied. He had gone over the same ground for the third time, and in the greatest haste, knowing that he was keeping all parties waiting. Nor could he, without emotion, aid in the arrest of one who had so long sat at his table, and formed one of his family; or in his own mind divest such a procedure, however justifiable and necessary, of the appearance of treachery. He simply said, "She is arrested, and you are wanted as witnesses."

They set out again, and Mr. Seager conducted them to the Baumschule. They soon got out of the town. The way lay partly between gardens, and under other circumstances would have been an agreeable walk. The landscape was backed by hills, and one distinguished by its beauty rose above the rest. This hill is called the Kreutzberg, and is the one from which the

view of Bonn at the commencement of this volume is taken. On the very top stands a church, in which is a staircase built of Italian marble by the Elector Clement Augustus, in 1725, in imitation of the one at Rome called "Pilate's staircase." On their left as they went out of the town, the spires of the stately cathedral presented themselves to the view of the travellers; near the cathedral was the large and far-famed university at which our Prince Albert was educated; and between these edifices and the Kreutzberg stood the Museum, formerly the principal palace of the Archbishops of Cologne. At length the large hotel or boarding-house, at which Mr. Seager for the present resided, appeared before them. It takes its name of the "Baumschule," or "Plantation," from a fine grove or nursery of trees, close to which it is built.

The door stood open, and Mr. Seager in silence led the way to the second story. It was a moment of excitement for all. Elizabeth hesitated, and wished in her heart that she could avoid the interview. She had the feeling of one who is about to witness some fearful sight, and she paused to nerve herself for the meeting with the dreaded Marie. She motioned Mr. Seager and her brother to precede her, and then with a desperate effort followed them up stairs. Mr. Seager reached his floor, and silently threw open the door of the sitting-room. Elizabeth felt a thrill of fear and repugnance, as she expected to catch sight of Marie, and it was a momentary relief to find that room empty. Mr. Seager

led them through, and opened the door of a side room which was his study. There, leaning against the window with her arms crossed, the first object that met their gaze, stood Marie. Hearing the door open, she turned slightly round. She gave a distinct look at each, and Elizabeth saw that she recognized both. Yet no surprise or emotion betrayed itself; no expression crossed her countenance; and a common observer might have supposed her to be as little interested in them as in any ordinary passers by in the street. Elizabeth had not seen her since the time of her departure from Cromwell Terrace; and as the recollections of that painful season came thronging back upon her memory, she could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears. She controlled her emotions, however, and took her place at the table as a witness.

Mr. Seager stood near Marie as interpreter, and the examination commenced.

Mr. Luke and Elizabeth were asked if this was the same person, and they replied in the affirmative.

Marie was asked her name, and, in the full possession of her senses, and aware that it would not answer her purpose to feign or trifle now, she gave her name correctly as "Mary G——."

"Where were you born?" was the next inquiry.

"In Manchester."

"Is your father living?"

"No."

"Is your mother living?"

"No; they are both dead."

"What was your father's name?"

"John G——."

"What was his occupation?"

"A surgeon."

"Have you any relatives?"

"No."

The interrogating officer turned to Mr. Luke, and asked to see the "Uncle" letters. Mr. L. produced them, and the officer showing them to Marie, asked, "Did you give these to that gentleman?" meaning, to take care of, and pointing to Mr. Luke.

"Yes."

"Did you write them yourself?"

"No."

"Did you compose them?"

"I decline to answer that question. I do not know how it may be used against me."

Her questioners looked annoyed, and turning to Mr. Seager, they begged him to explain that German law differed from English usage; and that correct answers to the questions put to her would eventually be for her advantage. Mr. Seager duly interpreted their words.

The question was repeated. "Did you compose these letters?"

"Yes."

"Who wrote them?"

"Mr. R——, of Oxford Street."

"Did he write or translate them?"

"Wrote and translated."

Pointing to the signature, they asked, "Is there such a person as the H. C. Clifford here signed?"

"Not that I know of," she replied.

An amused look crossed the countenance of her interrogators, and having obtained enough to answer their present purpose, the magistrate sat down at Mr. Seager's desk, and drew up the act of accusation.

They had been writing about ten minutes when Marie, who had for some time been fidgetting the handle of the casement window, succeeded in partly opening it. One of the officers made a sign, and Mr. Seager approached, and was going to shut it. Marie appeared to intimate that she wished for air, and it was allowed to remain, one of the party standing near, in case she should attempt to spring up and jump out.

The official party announced the examination closed. They prepared to move, when Marie said,

"Are you going to take me to gaol?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"I should like to change my dress first."

Elizabeth in a whisper to Mr. Seager, suggested that Marie probably wished to hide or destroy some papers. Mr. Seager spoke to the officers in French; and they agreed that she might change her dress if somebody were with her.

Mr. Seager went to look for Mrs. Seager. Finding that there was some demur, Elizabeth and Mr. Luke followed him. Mr. Seager was asking Mrs. Seager to

go and watch the dressing, and poor Mrs. S., who had not seen Marie since the *dénouement*, was saying, "Oh no! no! I cannot go with her!"

Elizabeth immediately said, "Oh I am used to Marie, I will go."

"Pray take the landlady with you," said Mr. Seager.

Madame Schüller, who had her own private reasons for entertaining no very friendly feeling towards Marie, was not far off, for the whole household were on the *qui vive* at the arrival of the police officers.

Elizabeth went back into the room where Marie and the officers were, and signified that she was ready to attend her. The moment the door was opened, Marie shot through as from a gun, and flew up stairs with most extraordinary rapidity. "Up! up!" cried Mr. Seager, "the windows are open." Elizabeth, though light of foot, could not keep up with her, and moved aside for the tall commissary to pass. He seized the bannister, and springing up two or three stairs at a time, reached the top almost at the same instant as Marie. Elizabeth and Mr. Seager were not far behind, and the stout landlady came last. Marie, like a stag at bay, turned to take breath, and her pursuers were panting also. In a beseeching tone, she said to Elizabeth, "I cannot change my dress with all these people in the room;" and Mr. Seager and the officer drew off, and left Marie with her two female gaolers, who were soon joined by Mrs. Seager's maid-servant.

The landlady stood by the door, and Elizabeth by the

window. Marie proceeded to change her morning dress for a thick black one, and made one or two other alterations. She smoothed her hair, put a comb in her pocket, called the maid to fasten her dress, put on her shawl, bonnet, and veil, and promptly, but with as much self-possession as if preparing for a morning call, equipped herself for her expedition. Elizabeth, remembering the circumstances of her last exit, went up to her and felt in the pocket of her dress. "You need not do that," said Marie very coolly: "it will be done in prison." She looked round the room to see if there was anything more, and turning to Elizabeth said, "I am ready." Madame Schüller opened the door, and they went down at a more moderate pace than they had ascended, to the now vacant study.

If Marie had been in prison half-a-dozen times before, she could scarcely have taken it more philosophically than in the present instance.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TETE-A-TETE, THE OBJECT OF WHICH IS A MYSTERY.

THE party had adjourned to the sitting-room, and Marie finding the study vacant, turned to Elizabeth and said, "Will you let me speak to you alone?" Elizabeth's first impulse was to consent, and she was about to close the door, when it struck her that she ought to ask permission, and looking into the sitting-room, she repeated Marie's request. "Oh! not alone," exclaimed Mr. Seager and Mr. Luke at once. "Take some one with you," said Mr. Luke. "Take Madame Schüller," said Mr. Seager; and Elizabeth returned to Marie, and detaining Madame Schüller, placed a seat for Marie, and seated herself by her side. The redoubtable Madame Schüller was well qualified to fill the office of feminine gaoler. Her nearest resemblance, perhaps, would be to the portrait drawn by Dickens of Captain Cuttle's landlady, the widow M'Grath. She looked in fact as if she could be a match for half-a-dozen Maries; and Elizabeth felt secure from violence with so efficient a guard.

Marie began, "I cannot speak to you with that woman in the room."

"Why you know, Marie," said Elizabeth, "she does not understand English, therefore it cannot matter what you say before her."

Elizabeth waited a moment to see if Marie was going to speak, and finding her silent, began to speak to her.

"You see, Marie, your sin has found you out. You have brought all this upon yourself; and if you continue in the same course, you may expect some fearful judgment to overtake you. I do not like to speak harshly to you now you are in trouble, nor do I think that anything I could say would be of much use, for you seem to be too hardened in crime for anything to deter you from it. When you left us, you professed that you were penitent and wished to reform. Why did you plan this new scheme? But *you* wished to speak," she continued. "What did you want to say?"

There was a pause, and Marie, looking at the landlady, said very resolutely, "Yes; but I can't while *she* is in the room. Send her away, and I'll tell you."

Her determined tone struck Elizabeth, and she replied, "Well, Marie, to tell you the truth, I do not feel comfortable to be alone with you. I will hear anything you have to say, but we know so much of your history, that it will be useless for you to make any false statement."

"Well then, perhaps, I had better not say anything," replied Marie briskly, "if you will not believe me."

"But why cannot you tell the truth," said Elizabeth. "You told your examiners just now that you had no relations living. You have a brother."

"I don't know," she said. "I have not heard of him for several years."

"Why did you leave him?"

"I could not live with him," she replied. "He treated me so unkindly."

"I dare say it was that you behaved so badly," retorted Elizabeth. "And you have an aunt in Manchester in comfortable circumstances. She *would have* received you. Whether she would *now*, is another affair. And if you did not like to live with her, God had given you talents by which you could have obtained a more honest livelihood; instead of which you had no sooner left us than you set to and plotted this new scheme, acting over again your former sinful course. Why did you not not *then* resolve to give it up?"

"Well, I *have* resolved several times," said Marie, "but the temptation has been thrown in my way, and I have not been able to resist it."

"What a wretched life yours must be," pursued Elizabeth. "You must live in continual fear of discovery. Did you not expect *this* to be found out before now?"

"Yes," she replied. "I knew it must soon come to an end."

Elizabeth proceeded to speak to her of the cruelty of which she had been guilty. That she had not merely

practiced deception for the sake of a home, but had also subjected many, who were little able to bear it, to many wanton expenses, knowing that she could never by possibility repay them.

Marie affirmed that during the last fortnight she had been thinking of writing to her aunt, to ask her assistance in repaying her present friends, but she had been withheld by the fear that her aunt would not notice her.

So far she had maintained a submissive manner, and with her voice subdued, and her eyes cast down, had kept up the appearance of a penitent. Either off her guard, or weary of her assumed part, she now suddenly changed her tone, and looking up boldly at Elizabeth, she sharply inquired, "How did you find this out?"

"By your letters, Marie. You wrote to Mrs. Cunliffe, and we know her. She sent the letters to us, and we at once saw that you were deceiving Mr. and Mrs. Seager, as you had deceived us. We knew that it would be useless to write, as you intercept letters; so we resolved to come over."

"On purpose?" inquired Marie.

"Yes; and papa and mamma are here too."

"What! in Bonn?" exclaimed Marie.

"Yes."

"How long have you known Mr. Seager? Before to-day?" continued Marie.

"Yes," was the answer; "but I am not going to

answer all your questions, Marie. I sat down to hear what *you* have to say. What is it?"

"When did Mrs. Seager know of it," pursued Marie, without noticing Elizabeth's inquiry.

"Not till to-day," Elizabeth replied.

"Poor Mrs. Seager!" said Marie; but there was no feeling in the ejaculation, and whether it was to save appearances or otherwise, the reader may divine.

"What will they do with me? Will they send me to England?" Marie asked again.

"I do not at all know," said Elizabeth, "but you are well known there, for your face is in all the shop windows. You have yourself to blame for that too, for you made my sister take your portrait for your uncle, and when we found that you were still carrying on your wicked practices, we had it engraved, that others might not be taken in by you."

Marie again assumed the penitent, and said, "I would give this up if I could. I would go into an asylum or a penitentiary, if Mr. Seager and Mr. Luke could get me in. I would do anything they advised by which I could retrieve my character."

Elizabeth replied, "I am quite sure that both Mr. Seager and my brother would willingly do anything for you even now, if they could be satisfied that you were really desirous of reforming; though you have so often pretended penitence before, that you cannot wonder that we should have lost all confidence in you;"—and finding that Marie really seemed to have nothing to

communicate, she said, "Well, we must not keep the officer waiting," and at that moment Mr. Seager knocked at the door. He called Marie's tall gaoler, who was waiting to take her to prison. Mrs. Seager had collected a few of her clothes; and by Mr. Seager's desire, a loaf of bread and some butter were put in also, as he kindly thought she had not had sufficient dinner, and might find some difficulty in coming down at once to the prison fare. She asked to be allowed to go out at the back door to avoid observation; and most of the household followed her through the kitchen offices to witness her departure. A conveyance with a hood was waiting at the door. The commissary handed her into the carriage, and stepped in after her. She threw herself back, covered her face with her hands, and without a word, they drove off.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEARCH.

A SENSE of relief, mingled with less agreeable feelings, followed Marie's exit. Madame Schüller lifted up her hands as if in consternation, and exclaimed in French "*Ah! mon Dieu!* is it come to this?" but sworn foes as she and Marie had long been, no one gave her credit for any over-powering grief; and it was not observed that the servants manifested any regret at her departure.

Mr. Seager now called for refreshments, for Marie's all engrossing business had not before allowed an interval. Poor Mrs. Seager had yet to be further enlightened as to the strange reverses of the last few hours. She seemed as if in a dream, and could scarcely comprehend how all this had come about. She interrupted Mr. Seager with frequent questions, such as, "But, Charles, what has become of all the money that was sent through your banker?" "There never was any money," he replied. "And her friends in Wales; Lady Charlotte and the Randalls?" "There are no such people. Don't you see? They have no existence." Mr. Seager

could see, for he had had twenty-four hours to study it, but it was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Seager could not see it all at the first view. Yet Marie had never gained the hold on her that she had done on other people. Her falsehoods and follies had often made her long to be released from the charge; and after hearing all, she said to Elizabeth, "If you had come and told me this the day after she came to us, I should have believed it."

Dinner over, Mrs. Seager and Elizabeth went up to Marie's room to make a more complete search. At one end of the room was a little bracket table, on which stood a small alabaster figure of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Saviour, and a book of private devotions. Over this was suspended a rosary and little crucifix, and above it a picture of Saint Margaret, with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven. The room was in a state of disorder surpassing anything that had been witnessed at Cromwell Terrace. Table, chairs, bed, all applied to any but their legitimate uses. Bottles, books, papers, shoes, wools, patterns, clothes, tossed about in all directions; and Mrs. Seager and Elizabeth had to move carefully, lest they should upset any articles. Mrs. Seager had in fact only that day been lecturing her on the untidy condition of her room, and telling her that it was a perfect disgrace to the house.

The drawers were in the same state. Articles of all sorts were tumbled in or huddled together. Two drawers came open easily, but the third resisted their

efforts. A little bundle of keys were spied in one corner, and these were tried, but in vain. One of them summoned the maid to their assistance. "Oh! I can tell you ma'am," she said, "how Miss G—— opens it," and she ran up, and slipping her hand at the back of the drawer, gave it a jerk, and it came open in true Marie fashion.

In this drawer they found the desk which Mr. Spalding had given her, so characteristically crowded with papers that it would not shut. Among other documents were found letters from Mrs. Cunliffe, Betsey, and Emma, and a copy of her will. Nothing else of great interest was then found, a recent bonfire having destroyed many documents which Marie was too wise to keep; but a subsequent and more careful search afterwards put Mrs. Seager in possession of a small volume of printed poems by "Matilda," containing all the verses which Marie had passed off as her own, and also the newly written draught of a letter requesting a confidential interview with the English Episcopal minister in Bonn.

Mrs. Seager and Elizabeth carried their spoils down stairs, to share a more minute examination with the gentlemen. The most legible things were scattered remnants of accounts, in which were noted down large sums given in charity, as well as her loss in the church of St. Gudule. The letters from Wales appeared to defy curiosity. They were penned on sheets of the smallest sized note paper. "Mrs. Cunliffe's" were written in most minute characters, and crossed no less

than four times. " Emma's" were written in the same way, but being on thin foreign post, could scarcely be identified as the same hand; and the ink having run, they were still more difficult to decipher. The diagonal crossings in these were mere imitation of writing, and " Betsey's" letters were in a feigned hand, made up of curls and flourishes like so many hairs.

Marie had never placed these letters in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Seager. She had read them as she held them, and the only end to be attained by so much trouble, was to secure herself from detection in case Mr. and Mrs. Seager had asked to see them. The minuteness of the writing would have discouraged the attempt to read them, and the multiplied crossings rendered it difficult at a hasty glance to identify the hand. Elizabeth afterwards took these letters to England, and, with her sister, undertook the task of transcribing them. A stranger would probably have declared this an impossibility, and but for their previous familiarity with Marie's hand-writing and style, it might so have proved. They frequently came to a sentence which appeared to defy their efforts. They had borrowed several lenses and magnifying glasses, and sometimes these would enable them to decipher the mysterious characters. Sometimes, after much useless pains-taking, a general glance would put them in possession of the meaning; and sometimes, after passing on in despair, the repetition of a word in a subsequent sentence would furnish

a clue to what had gone before. As the eyesight of each grew weary by turns, they would exchange the employments of deciphering and transcribing, and when evening came they were compelled to lay both aside. Two days were occupied in transcribing each one of the tiny note sheets, and the small space thus covered by Marie's writing, filled three sheets of letter-paper when transcribed. When Mr. Seager's wish to write the history of Marie's residence with him was known, they transferred these copies to his hands, and the reader will probably find them at length in his work.

Having examined the papers in question, Mr. Luke, and Elizabeth thought it high time to return to their hotel at Bonn, where Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were anxiously waiting for the result of the day's work. Elizabeth ran up to their room door. Her mamma came to open it. "Marie is in prison." "Is she?" and a momentary feeling of pleasure that the mischievous culprit was caught at last, seemed to cross her mind; but soon her habitual benevolence prevailed, and she added, "Poor thing!" and her husband echoed the expression of sympathy, for they could not rejoice in the wretchedness of even so unworthy an object. Elizabeth gave them a very brief outline of what had passed. They went down to tea, and had not finished when Mr. Seager looked in. They had asked Mrs. Seager to accompany him, but she had not sufficiently rallied from the stunning surprise. Their little sons had been informed of Marie's departure, and had received the news

without any great dissatisfaction. They had always manifested an unconquerable dislike to her, and Mrs. Seager had often found it difficult to keep the peace between them. They were intelligent and interesting little fellows, the youngest a little *blondin*. They had been baptized by the names of Osmund and Ignatius, after "St. Osmund," one of the Catholic bishops of Salisbury, and "St. Ignatius of Loyola." They spoke Latin with their father, and were being brought up, of course, as zealous Catholics.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POLICE COURT.

Our travellers hoped that Marie's business was settled, or at least that their further attendance would be dispensed with. Not so, however. At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, Mr. Luke and Elizabeth were *subpœnaed* to attend the Police Court at nine the next morning. Mr. Luke had expressed the necessity himself and his party were under of proceeding without delay on their journey; and this probably was the reason why the morrow, although Sunday, was fixed for taking their evidence. The Catholic services commencing at five or half-past five in the morning, and being so numerous, they had perhaps not thought that they should be interfering with the public worship of the witnesses. Much as the latter regretted this intended kindness, there was no option. They were summoned by the law of the country, and there was no time to request a change.

The morning came. Unwillingly but punctually they obeyed the summons, and hoped the examination

would be over in time for service. They were shown into a small scantily furnished office, opening into another empty room, and beyond it a third, in which they heard voices. Among these they soon distinguished Marie's voice, in a kind of low piteous whine, occasionally raised, as if with an alteration of mood or subject. Had they gone through the open doors into the next office, they could have heard what she said; but, of course, they did not choose to play the part of listeners, annoying though they felt it that she should have her tale to herself. The usage of Prussia is directly contrary to that of England, prosecutor, witnesses, and delinquent being all examined apart, and their evidence compared.

They waited a whole hour—no small trial of patience under all the circumstances. At last, to their great relief, the door opened, and Herr Mannheimer, a German Jew, who spoke English, and was the interpreter, came forward, and asked them to walk in and prove the identity of the prisoner. The secretary, two German magistrates, Mannheimer, and a clerk or subordinate of some kind, were there. Mr. Luke was asked, "Is this the person against whom you appear?" and he replied in the affirmative.

Marie walked straight up to him, and in a really bold, yet affectedly modest manner, said, "I have made a full and frank confession. They tell me that it will be better for me, and I now throw myself on your mercy."

"I am not your prosecutor, Marie," Mr. Luke replied, "Mr. Seager prosecutes: I only appear as a witness."

"Yes," she said, "I am aware of that; but will you intercede for me with Mr. Seager?"

Mr. Luke made no reply. She turned to Elizabeth, and saying, "*Do* let me speak to you," seemed about to draw her aside into the other office. The secretary asked what she wanted. Elizabeth answered, "She wants to speak to me." "No, no! it is not allowed," they all exclaimed, and she was again hurried off to prison by the man who was waiting for her.

Mr. Luke's previous evidence was then read over to him, carefully re-written, and signed. Some money was then produced, and Mr. Luke regarding this as an intimation that there was something to pay, took out his purse. Mannheimer laughed, shook his head, and explained that a witness was entitled to eight groschen, amounting to tenpence of our money, if he chose to take them, which liberal offer Mr. Luke declined.

The examination being closed, the legal party put their papers aside, and seemed relieved to have done with the official part of the affair. They appeared to be in no hurry to go, and asked a number of questions "out of confession," manifesting no little curiosity about so unusual a case. "Did she give you any money after leaving her situation?" they inquired of Mr. Luke.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much?" they asked.

"About £7, which she had back at different times."

"Did she leave any in your hands?" they asked again.

"Yes; something under £1."

"How much did she cost you?" He could not tell.

"Give a rough guess," they said. And he made a hasty estimate.

From these queries it seemed not improbable that Marie had endeavoured to impress them with the idea that she had left in Mr. Luke's hands an equivalent for her expenses.

They asked further how she had managed her tricks, such, for instance, as rupturing blood-vessels. Mr. Luke explained, and they laughed. "It would make a capital book," said Mannheimer. "Her story with us is published," observed Mr. L. They eagerly asked if he had a copy with him. Not there, he said, but he would leave it with Mr. Seager, and they could see it. He took one of the portraits which had been engraved for the volume out of his pocket-book, and they all looked. One said, "Was it not done some time ago?" Another said, "It is too good for her. She is not so pretty as that." These observations were very just, for she was much gone off in appearance, and looked at least thirty. Her identity could not be doubted, but it was difficult to imagine how any one could have altered so much in so short a time. A conscience ill at ease, a mind wearied with incessant plotting, and perhaps to a

certain extent the remedies prescribed by medical men for her imaginary complaints, had contributed to bring about the change.

Leaving the office, the two retraced their steps; but it was far too late for service. They called on their friend Mr. Plitt, the Lutheran minister, who had already returned from church. "I saw your Marie," he said, "only just now. Being a chaplain to the prison, I was requested to go in and see a young English lady who had just arrived, and who wanted to see some one to whom she could speak, as those around her spoke only French and German, and she could not make them understand. I was shown into the matron's room, and she came forward and spoke to me. She said that she had raised herself too high, and that God had brought her down to humble her. She wanted to see some one, and would be glad if Dr. Wolters, a Catholic priest who spoke English freely, and who was on a visit to his parents at Bonn, could be sent to her. 'You are a Protestant; I am a Catholic,' she continued. 'Yes,' I said, 'you *are now*, but you were a Protestant *before*, and a Catholic *before that*.' With a look of extreme contempt," concluded Mr. Plitt, "she tossed her head, and turned away without vouchsafing another word."

Mr. Luke and Elizabeth attended the English service in the afternoon. On their return, they called to mind Marie's earnest request to speak to Elizabeth alone, and willing to afford her one last opportunity of communi-

cating anything that might be on her mind, they set out to find the prison. Passing the church in their way, they fell in with Mr. Gardiner, the Episcopalian minister at Bonn. They asked him to direct them to the gaol, mentioned the object of their visit, and the discovery of Marie's purposed application to him. They proceeded in search of the prison; and after passing down various narrow and apparently interminable streets, they found it in the narrowest and dirtiest they had yet traversed. They knocked, and through the little grating a man peeped out, and silently opened the door. They entered, and found themselves in a stone hall, from which doors and passages led off in different directions. Men were loitering about, and others in the rooms looked out curiously at the English visitors. They asked to see Miss G——. The man replied that they could not see her without an order from the governor, who lived at some distance; and as, on further consideration, they doubted the expediency of seeking another interview, they decided not to repeat the attempt.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAREWELL TO BONN.

THE proceedings with respect to Marie having been so prompt, our travellers were equally surprised and pleased to find their errand to Bonn already accomplished. They arranged to leave on Monday morning at eleven, and proceed by steamer to Coblentz; and as the hour approached, Mr. and Mrs. Seager and three other new acquaintances joined them at the hotel, and accompanied them to the packet. One of the ladies, Mrs. D——, at whose house Marie had been a frequent visitor, walked with Elizabeth, and communicated some additional particulars respecting Marie's conversation and deportment. A few specimens may interest the reader.

Marie was in the habit of reading at this lady's house letters she had received, and in particular some which professed to be from her dear friend Miss Thompson. In one of these was a most lively and entertaining account of Miss Randalls' (Mrs. Cunliffe's) wedding. In another, a minute and most interesting description of

the reception of herself (Elizabeth) and Lady Charlotte by Cardinal Wiseman into the Catholic Church. For the exciting details of both events, as well as for the conclusion of Marie's history, we must bespeak the reader's patience till the appearance of "The Female Jesuit Abroad."

A variety of packages from Wales, similar to the "boxes" at Cromwell Terrace, were anxiously expected and long talked of by Marie. These, among other articles of value and interest, contained one which was the topic of so much conversation that it left a lasting impression. This was her dear papa's military cloak —a large one made of the finest cloth, and quite new when he died. How to turn so valued a relic to the best account was a subject requiring much consideration. At length she resolved to press it upon Mrs. Seager's acceptance, to make two beautiful dresses for her little Osmund and Ignatius. Mrs. Seager did not wish to appear ungrateful, and merely suggested that it was a pity to cut up so much exquisite cloth for the children;—who, in fact, were anything but captivated with the idea. Marie, compelled to abandon this project, resolved to have a large winter polka made for herself out of it. Mrs. D—— endeavoured to dissuade her from carrying out this purpose. She dreaded the approach of winter, for Marie's figure not being the most elegant in the world, the idea of parading the streets of Bonn with the military polka beside her, was no enviable position.

Another theme of protestation in Mrs. D——'s family circle, was a pair of green spectacles which Marie had seen fit to adopt. Ever "since the brain fever," she had suffered from an oppression on the brain, which affected her eye-sight. To aid in the cure of this infirmity, she purchased the green spectacles, which however they might rest her eyes, contributed neither to her beauty, nor to the ease and grace of her movements. She would walk about with halfclosed eyes, and stumble against the chairs and door-posts; and Mrs. D—— entreated her, if the spectacles were not indispensable, to lay them aside. It is not improbable that her eyesight was really weakened by her nightly occupations, and by the microscopic diminutiveness of the characters in which she had recently carried on her correspondence.

Mrs. D—— had a little girl whom Marie pronounced to bear a most striking resemblance to Lilly. She often spoke of Lilly, and said she used to shed tears when she saw how fond Lilly was of her mamma, for it made her think of her own dear mamma. She used to cry over Lilly's imaginary death, the tidings of which were communicated in her letters, and exclaim when she saw her counterpart, "Oh! how very like Lilly."

After the pretended death of Elizabeth, plunging her of course in the deepest consternation and distress, she communicated as a great secret to Mrs. D—— that Miss Thompson had left Mrs. Seager a most

beautiful grand piano-forte as a legacy, of which Mrs. Seager was on no account to hear till its arrival.

Though Marie was no favourite in the family of Mrs. D——, no one for an instant doubted the truth of her statements, or the genuineness of her letters, though, in common with many others, they wondered *afterwards* how they could ever have given credit to her romantic tales.

Before they parted, Mr. Luke left with Mr. Seager a copy of "The Female Jesuit," in order more perfectly to acquaint him with all Marie's proceedings. With many expressions of pleasure that they had met, of gratitude on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Seager for having undeceived them, and earnest entreaties that they would revisit Bonn on their return, the party separated, and the English visitors went on board the steamer. Thankful to dismiss from their minds the disagreeable object which had brought them to Bonn, they gave themselves up for that day to the full enjoyment of the beauties of the Rhine. It was a splendid day, and, shaded from the summer sun, they dined on deck, and gazed with delight on the surrounding scene. They reached their hotel at Coblentz at four, and drove to view the magnificent scenery at the parting of the Rhine and Moselle, rendered richer and grander by the rays of the setting sun. The party returned, and sat up till a late hour, watching the enchanting view which presented itself from the windows of their hotel. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the shifting moon-

beams invested with ever-varying aspects the gigantic fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on its craggy summit opposite, and made a bright pathway thence across the river, they felt little disposition to retire to rest. The early silence of a continental city was broken only by occasional sounds from the small craft which came up the river, or the tinkling of the little bell which announced that the bridge of boats was about to open, to let some small vessel through. But this is not a book of travels, and not to weary the reader with the often told tale of continental travellers, we pass hastily on.

At one the next day the party re-embarked for Cologne, being anxious to push their way on to their final destination at Elberfeld. The Rhine boat had been detained by fogs in the early part of the morning, and they were therefore much later than usual. The steamer touched at Bonn, and the first person who caught their eye was Mr. Seager. He sprang on board, and told them that he or his friends had been on the look-out for them a very long time; that Mrs. Seager and himself had been summoned for that afternoon to give their evidence; and that he thought it desirable that they also should remain in Bonn. Mr. Luke and his sister could not so abruptly leave Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who were entire strangers to Germany; but at his earnest request they arranged to return from Cologne by the next train.

Having landed at Cologne, and seen their relatives into the train for Elberfeld, they turned back to get

the train for Bonn. They had taken a carriage to save time, but were stopped by a casualty which often happens to travellers in crossing the Rhine. They were approaching the bridge of boats, when it opened to let a ship pass through. After the closing, there came such a crowd of people—such a string of carts and carriages, each obliged to wait their turn, the bridge being too narrow for more than one to pass, that they were detained some minutes. When they reached the station, they found the doors closed, and had the double satisfaction of hearing the train start, and of waiting two hours for the next. They reached Bonn at nine o'clock, and hastened to the Baumschule. Mr. and Mrs. Seager were there, and Mrs. D—— and Fräulein S——, and all looked much pleased at their *entrée*. Mr. Seager had been to wait the arrival of the intermediate train, and not finding them there had given them up. The conversation of the evening turned exclusively on Marie, and each contributed some share of fresh intelligence to the extraordinary narrative.

Mr. Luke and Elizabeth undertook to see the two ladies to their homes. He inquired of Mrs. D—— how far Mr. Plitt had been correctly informed respecting Marie's efforts and success in proselytizing. Mrs. D—— confirmed, to a certain extent, the correctness of the information given to Mr. Plitt; but it appears she was mistaken, and that, apart from Marie's own boastful declarations, there is no ground to believe that she had made any genuine effort for the conversion, either of

the lady to whom allusion has been made, or of any other individual.

On the following morning the Baumschule was the scene of another long conference with Mr. and Mrs. Seager. The main subject was "The Female Jesuit." Mr. and Mrs. Seager had availed themselves of the brief interval to examine the book, and had been deeply interested in the transcript they there found of Marie's conduct and character while under their care. All were agreed as to the desirableness of the publication of the new and recently discovered chapters of Marie's life; and the arrangements to this end,—which were not finally decided till a later period,—were then preliminarily discussed. Marie's papers were further examined, and a part of them, including the mysteriously written letters, placed in Mr. Luke's hands:—her latest "Will" was also read. With Elizabeth's help, Mr. Luke made notes of circumstances, so far as time permitted; further particulars being left for Mr. and Mrs. Seager to send, or if they should shortly revisit England, which they rather thought of doing, to bring with them.

Finally, after these partial arrangements had been concluded, Mr. Seager once more kindly accompanied them to their starting point. On this occasion he begged Elizabeth, as he had before requested Mr. Luke, to present his kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and to assure the former of his regret that he had ever been led to entertain an opinion of him so

contrary to the truth, and trusted his new acquaintance would pardon his having done so. He had been much struck with the genuine kindliness of spirit evident in one who had so long been represented as the persecutor of Elizabeth, for her supposed conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. They had several times met, and there had been the free expression of sentiment on both sides in regard to points of religious difference, but without any departure from Christian temper, and with increasing mutual interest.

Bidding farewell alike to Mr. Seager and to Bonn, Mr. Luke and his companion proceeded by train to Cologne and Elberfeld. On alighting from the railway carriage at the latter place, no long array of cabs, as is visible at our North-Western Station, met the eye of the weary travellers. Two solitary conveyances were instantly caught up by other passengers, and ignorant of the direction in which to find the hotel, they stood with their carpet bags in hand, doubting what next to do. At this moment a young man jumped out of one of the cabs to look after some luggage. He was an English traveller, with a leather bag strapped across his shoulder. A glance told him that two of his country-people were in a difficulty, and in another minute he had kindly and comfortably seated them in his conveyance, while he mounted the box. His friend and companion was going to the same hotel as themselves. It was now dark, and the distance being nearly three miles, they were most grateful for the

accommodation; and, as Marie in the former volume said of her phantom friend in the omnibus, should their benevolent fellow-traveller "ever chance to see this book," they take the opportunity of again expressing their thankfulness.

They reached the hotel where they expected to find Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, but they were not there. The house was so crowded that some earlier arrivals were arranging to sleep on the floor, the great meeting of the churches having brought an unusual influx of visitors into the town. The landlord, however, produced a note which had been left, directing them to another hotel, and back they were driven nearly to the place whence they started. When they reached the inn, they could scarcely believe it to be the right one, and they ascended the almost perpendicular staircase with many misgivings as to their destination for that night. As Elizabeth wandered through the different rooms in search of some person of whom to inquire, she heard her brother call to her in a cheerful voice. She hastened back, and found him examining a great coat of well-known cut, which hung behind a door, and on the table she saw a quantity of little children's books, Anti-Maynooth papers, multitudinous manuscript notes, and other indubitable traces of her dear father. Much relieved, they took a conveyance from the inn, and hastened to the large old church at which the meetings were held; and on their return, at the close of the service, found their relatives waiting to receive

them; the crowded state of the hotels having compelled them to take refuge at this second rate inn.

On Thursday they all went to the great meeting at which the English representatives were to speak. They were kept standing outside in the crowd for more than an hour, and not wishing to waste the time, they employed themselves in distributing tracts. The eager zest with which these were seized by the people, encouraged them to proceed, till they received an intimation in no gentle terms from the gate-keeper, that an order had recently arrived from Berlin forbidding the distribution of tracts, and that they were liable to be taken up for their pains. At length they obtained permission from within to enter the crowded building. It was a stirring scene. The intelligent, reflective, earnest countenances of the throng of German clergy, and the body of schoolmasters, who there form a class of scarcely inferior intelligence, with the large and deeply interested auditory, formed an assembly of no ordinary character, and which much impressed our English friends. It was a meeting of "The Inner Mission," the object of which is the revival of spiritual religion in the churches of Germany.

It was now Thursday afternoon, and Mr. Luke had an engagement to preach in Cambridgeshire on Sunday morning. They left the meeting at four, and commenced their journey homewards. They staid the night on the Deutz side of the river at Cologne. The next morning as they were about to cross the bridge of

boats on their way to the station, they saw that part of the bridge was up. "It is all over!" exclaimed Mr. Luke. "We shall lose the train again." "Not so," said his father-in-law. "You will be in time, and get to Cambridgeshire to-morrow;" and he was right. This time the bridge was closing. They promised the driver a douceur, crossed the bridge, pushed past all obstacles, and reached the station just as the gates were about to close. They continued their journey uninterruptedly, crossed from Calais to Dover at two o'clock in the morning, and arrived in London by an early train on Saturday, September the 20th, having travelled five hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

We have thus brought to a conclusion the account of Marie's discovery, capture, and imprisonment. If in this chapter we have occasionally turned aside from the immediate subject of our narrative, we crave the indulgence of the reader. We cannot but hope that he too may have imbibed some slight interest in the pursuers as well as in the pursued, and that an occasional glimpse at *their* movements, may have been an agreeable relief from the contemplation of *hers*.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARIE AND CARDINAL WISEMAN.

One singular discovery remains to be recorded, of what may surely be regarded as the master-piece of Marie's audacity and skill. The reader is requested to go back for a twelvemonth, and after picturing her in all the exultation of successful deception at Bonn, to transfer his thoughts to England, and realize what is passing there.

It is the month of February, 1851. London is unusually busy and excited, for the recent Papal Aggression, and the approaching Great Exhibition, were subjects of importance to all. Parliament is sitting, and these topics are debated with untiring interest from night to night. Miss Talbot and her £80,000, with one or two similar episodes, occasion a slight diversion from the all-absorbing themes.

It is to another person who attracts a still larger share of public attention that the reader must be introduced. Cardinal Wiseman is at his residence in Golden Square. He has much business to transact. A pile of

letters meet for a Cardinal claims his attention, and among them is one from *Marie*. She writes from Bonn, and tells the Cardinal that she is a young English lady, once a Protestant, but now a Catholic: that her health is very delicate, and her life uncertain: that she is possessed of considerable property, and is anxious to leave it for the service of the Church; but as all her friends are Protestant, and would greatly object to such an arrangement, she cannot employ the family solicitor, and she ventures under these circumstances, to request that his Eminence will kindly recommend her to a Catholic lawyer.

The unusual press of business at this period required the daily attendance of the Cardinal's solicitor, and the letter had no sooner arrived than it was placed in Mr. ——'s hands, with directions to give it his best attention. Cardinal Wiseman himself wrote to inform her that he had committed her affair to the charge of his own solicitor, with whom she might communicate in confidence. A correspondence ensued between Marie and Mr. ——. He informed her that there were insurmountable difficulties in the way of drawing up a will for a person at so great a distance, and with whose affairs he had previously been unacquainted, and he could only offer such suggestions as the case permitted.

In the course of the correspondence it transpired that a great part of her property consisted in a large farm. He informed her that she could not leave this to the Church, the law of mortmain prohibiting such a

transfer. Such suggestions as he could make under the circumstances he willingly offered, and aided by other advice in Bonn, she acted upon them. The readers of "The Female Jesuit" will remember the will which she left behind her at Cromwell Terrace. Among the documents left behind her in Bonn was a will of far higher character, as well as of far larger bequests. It was drawn up with great legal accuracy, and properly signed and attested by two gentlemen in Bonn, and the improvement on her former attempt is now explained by this legal correspondence.

How came this circumstance to light? The reader shall be informed.

Among the papers which Mr. Luke had brought from Bonn was an unsealed note in Marie's writing, directed Mr. —— of Lincoln's Inn. From the tenure of this note, which glanced at her right to £2000 in one quarter, and £4000 in another, &c., &c., it was at first conjectured that this note was written to impose on her friends at Bonn, and that Mr. —— was, like many of her *employés*, an unsubstantial person. The torn cover of a newspaper directed to her at Bonn in a lawyer's hand, threw some doubts on the correctness of this theory; and Mr. Luke resolved to ascertain if Marie's correspondent had any real existence. He found the veritable Mr. —— without much difficulty, and the latter immediately recognized both Marie's writing and his own. He was solicitor to Cardinal Wiseman, and at once communicated to Mr. Luke the foregoing facts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INCIDENTS OUT OF PLACE, OR A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

SINCE the foregoing narrative went to press, a friend who has kindly interested himself in Marie's case, has forwarded a much fuller account of her transactions in Manchester, than that briefly given in Chapter IV. As it supplies some blanks in her past history,—as it solves some questions previously left to conjecture,—and throws much additional light upon her whole character, it is presumed that the interest will be a sufficient apology to the reader for the insertion, though out of its proper place.

The episode in Marie's history which follows, is to be dated from the commencement of the year 1848, when having left her situation at Crewe Hall, we find her visiting her relatives in Manchester.

Opposite to the house of her aunt and uncle to whom reference has been made elsewhere, there lives a Mr. Rix, a medical gentleman of high repute for skill and benevolence. On seeing the portrait of Marie L. G——

in "The Female Jesuit," he and his lady at once identified her as the Mary G—— who made their acquaintance in 1848.

Marie's uncle and aunt were on friendly terms with Mr. Rix's family, and it was at the period just named that her aunt, in conversing with Mrs. Rix, mentioned her niece, who was now on a visit to her. She spoke of her as having been governess in a highly respectable family in Chester, and as clever, good-hearted, and accomplished. She also stated that she was very much beloved by the family, whom she had just left, and that, to mark her appreciation of Mary's faithful and disinterested services, the grandmother of her pupils had bequeathed to her, on the event of her death, the sum of two hundred pounds; and that since her arrival in Manchester, the family had forwarded her some little books, which were intended by them as presents for her nephews and nieces.

On hearing these things, which, without doubt, were credited by the aunt, Mrs. Rix very naturally invited Miss G—— to spend an occasional hour with her; and Marie readily and repeatedly availed herself of this invitation.

Not long after she took up her abode at her aunt's, "Marie," or as she may here be called by her Manchester name of "Mary," was reported to be ill, and, in proof of it, she penned a polite note to Mr. Rix to the effect, that as she was suffering from a severe pain in the chest and from occasional spitting of blood, she

should be greatly obliged to him if he would send her a blister. To this Mr. R. very properly demurred, saying, that if the symptoms were really such as had been represented to him, the sooner Miss G—— called in a medical practitioner, the greater the probability of her speedy restoration.

By referring to the ledger Mr. Rix finds that the blister was sent to her on January 31st, 1848. A few days after, Mary herself appeared in the surgery and sought medical advice. As there seemed to be some unnatural enlargement of one of the vital organs, Mr. R. prescribed the remedies usual in such a case. Under this treatment the unfavourable symptoms gradually subsided, and consequently he ceased to attend her. It is but due to Mr. Rix to add, that as he had suggested to her friends the propriety of calling in medical aid, he attended on Miss G—— during those three weeks, *gratuitously*.

On February 18th, however, the aunt hastened over to his house in a very agitated state, and requested him at once to see her niece, who was labouring under her old affection, and in an aggravated form. To this he consented so soon as other cases would permit. He found Mary apparently in the circumstances described; and for several successive days he attended on his patient twice and thrice.

On account of some alterations, which were contemplated in the house occupied by her uncle, it was deemed advisable that temporary accommodation should

be obtained for Mary at Mrs. ——'s where Mr. Rix daily paid her a visit. After a fortnight's residence with her new friends, Miss G—— called on Mrs. Rix, and asked, as a special favour, that she would give her a bed at her house for a night, as some of Mrs. ——'s relatives had unexpectedly come over to visit her family, and would occupy their spare-room. Though much to her inconvenience, Mrs. R. readily granted her request; and on the night of March 22nd, 1848, Mary first slept under that roof, where for two months she practiced her frauds with consummate ingenuity.

On the three successive days she professed to have been at her former lodgings, and returned, saying that as Mrs. ——'s visitors were prolonging their stay, she would feel increasingly obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Rix if they would allow her to be their guest until the former had left. On the fourth evening she retired to her room, ostensibly to pack up the few articles of dress which she had brought with her. While doing this a great noise was heard overhead, as of a person falling on the floor, on which several members of the family ran up stairs to ascertain the cause. On entering Mary's bed-room, she was struggling to rise. When seated on a chair she represented that she had had a fit. Of this Mrs. R. was somewhat suspicious from a peculiar smile on Miss G——'s countenance; but, out of compassion for the sufferer, she suggested that it would be wiser for her to continue another night under their roof.

Most unexpectedly to her host and hostess, Mary was unusually cheerful next morning, and was so far recovered as to take a walk into the city. The absence of the languor and stupidity usually accompanying seizures of the kind from which she had suffered on the previous evening, strengthened the distrust already awakened. But all this was allayed that noon on the receipt of a letter by post, bearing the signature of a Manchester gentleman, whose name is known in commercial circles to be as good as a bond. In this letter he expressed a hope that Mr. and Mrs. Rix would pay Miss G—— every attention; and gave a pledge that all expenses incurred for board, lodging, and medical attendance, should be met by himself or his relatives at ———, who were greatly interested in her.

In the full persuasion that the above document was a *bonâ fide* letter from the hand of the gentleman referred to, Mr. and Mrs. Rix put aside their misgivings, and looked on Mary as an inmate of their dwelling. On the strength of it, and on account of certain perplexities connected with the case of his patient, Mr. Rix deemed it prudent to call in a medical gentleman of long standing and considerable fame in Manchester, and to pay him the professional fee. To the latter, as well as to the former, Mary was a mystery. His remark on leaving Mr. R.'s dwelling was significant. "You have got into a hobble, and I wish you out of it."

Not many days after the occurrence just related, Mary called on another gentleman, connected by mer-

cantile transactions with the reputed author of the letter. The object of her call was to solicit from him a recommendation to the Infirmary. Being engaged with other affairs, he referred this case of charity to his lady, who, with a woman's heart, heard the piteous tale of the stranger, sympathized with her, and afforded her pecuniary relief.

Pleased with the introduction thus obtained by her duplicity into this family, Mary thought of another mode of working upon the kindly feelings of her benefactress. Having one day observed some crotchet-work on Mrs. Rix's table, she made a few inquiries respecting it. On ascertaining that it had been entrusted to the former for sale among her lady-acquaintances, the latter requested that she might use her influence with her own friends for this purpose. This being granted, Mary made her way to the house of the amiable lady already alluded to, and exhibited the above article as a specimen of her own skill and taste. Under the idea of helping a young person, who was in needy circumstances, the lady purchased the whole for a considerable sum; a part of which, however, as it has been since discovered, was retained by Mary, under the pretext that as she had not been able to sell all the work entrusted to her, she would keep the remainder in her possession until she had applied elsewhere.

What tales of sorrow Mary had told her generous patroness it is not difficult to divine; for her footman shortly after appeared with jellies and other delicacies

for the invalid. As may be conjectured, the appearance of such a messenger reassured the host and hostess of Mary G——, that with all the mysteriousness enveloping her character, she was not intentionally dishonest.

At the above interview, Mary described herself as a skilful maker of wax flowers, and expressed a hope that the lady would not object to examine a specimen of her workmanship. After the lapse of a few days, Mary called at a jeweller's in the city, and asked the loan of a vase of wax-flowers, valued at £10, which she was anxious a friend should see and purchase. To this the tradesman objected, as he was unacquainted with the young person who made the request. But her urgency overruled his caution; and he at length assented, on the condition that one of his shop-boys should accompany her in a cab to the house of her friend. Mary readily accepted this proposal, and drove at once to Mrs. ——, to whom she exhibited this elegant article as a new proof of her art and taste. Much to her chagrin, she was unable this time to effect a sale.

Whether it was on this occasion or at another cannot be told, but it appears that Mary represented to this lady that she was in a most distressed state of mind, for "the family with whom she resided were very ungodly," and added, that she should be greatly relieved if she would call on her at some early day for private conversation. In accordance with the wish expressed, Mrs. —— paid her a visit. But far from permitting her kind visitor to hold "private conversation" with

her, Mary soon stepped out of the parlour, and begged Mrs. Rix to come down with her infant, as Mrs. —— was anxious for an introduction to her. As might be conceived, the latter was not a little surprised that the special errand on which she had called should be thus thwarted. But that Mary's mental ailment might be sought out and cured, the lady requested her minister, a devoted evangelical clergyman, to see her.

While carrying on these intrigues, "the Spy in the Family" was daily inventive of frauds, with which to blind her hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rix. On two separate occasions, she professed to have received notes from the gentleman who had so kindly recommended her to them, in which they with herself were invited to dinner at his table. On both occasions they were about to start for the party, when unforseen obstacles were thrown in the way. On the first, a messenger handed in a note to Mr. Rix, in which Mr. —— expressed his regret that the severe illness of a relative would preclude him from the pleasure of seeing his invited guests that day. On the second occasion they were prevented by a recurrence in Mary of her old complaint, vomiting of blood. This occurred while she was walking in the garden. Of the veritableness of her story they could not entertain a suspicion, as her mouth and lips were streaked with blood. In consequence, Mr. Rix wrote an apology to the gentleman for the non-appearance of himself and his friends, and specified the unhappy cause of their detention. And

as before the transmission of his note Mary had rallied a little, she undertook to get her nephew or some other messenger to take it at once to its destination. This, as the sequel has shown, was only a quiet way of intercepting the apology.

Shortly after this, a very handsome Church Service, consisting of a Prayer-Book and Bible, elegantly bound, with gold clasps, in a morocco case, was left at Mr. Rix's for Miss G——. She explained that it had been sent her by Sir W. W. Wynne, accompanied by the following complimentary but blundering note.

"Sir W. W. Wynne's compliments to Miss Garthside, and begs her acceptance of the enclosed as a token of the very high respect he entertains of her moral worth, and at the same time will be happy to render his assistance with any thing that he can be of service.

"*Wynnstay, March 14th.*"

The penmanship of the note, its grammatical deficiencies, and the incorrect spelling of Mary's surname, struck both Mr. and Mrs. Rix; yet her artless manner of explaining these anomalies, precluded them from doubting her word.

On or before the 12th of April, Mary received a letter from her brother, a veterinary surgeon at Church Town, near Southport, representing that their mother was dangerously ill; and that if she wished to see her alive it was necessary that she should make haste. Finding herself without the means requisite for her journey, she called on a lady who had aided her on former occa-

sions, and obtained "the needful." On starting for Southport Mrs. Rix took the opportunity of urging it as a filial duty, that she should remain with her dying parent, and minister to her last wants.

The morning after Mary's departure Mrs. Rix received the annexed note, in the handwriting of one who had acted a generous part toward her.

"Mrs. G—— D—— presents her compliments to Mrs. Rix, and should poor Miss G—— lose her mother, begs Mrs. R. will not allow her to *buy mourning*, as she can be supplied. Mrs. G—— D—— takes the liberty of addressing Mrs. Rix, as she cannot write upon so delicate a subject to Miss G——. Mrs. G—— D—— is leaving Manchester for a day, but will be glad to know when the sad event takes place, by note either from Miss G—— or Mrs. Rix.

"*April* 13*th*."

Much to the surprise of Mr. Rix and the inmates of his house, Mary returned from Southport in the dusk of the second evening of her absence. That she had gone thither and had seen her mother, who happily had rallied in strength, there could be no doubt. She brought evidence of her having been there in the small basket of fresh shrimps she carried in her hand. To account for her speedy return, she stated that she had had one of her old attacks, and that one of the resident surgeons had been called in; but as her case appeared to be very complex, he advised her to return forthwith to the gentleman in Manchester, who was familiar with its different phases, and who could readily apply the remedies which had been serviceable.

On the Saturday before Easter Sunday, April 22nd, Mary mentioned to Mrs. Rix, that, during her short absence, a boy had brought a small basket, containing salmon, game, &c., with an enclosure from the grandmother of her former pupils. But a system of continuous studied fraud must have its *finis*, and the day was fast approaching for the unmasking of Mary's real character.

CHAPTER XIX.

INCIDENTS OUT OF PLACE CONTINUED.

On Thursday, April 27th, according to the custom of the house, the servant was busy in sweeping the rooms of the upper floor. In removing the upper mattress of the bedstead used by Miss G——, she discovered under it a large number of letters and bills. Amazed at this mass of papers, the maid asked her mistress to step upstairs, and to look at them with her own eyes. This, however, she declined to do, as it would be a violation of common civility. Having no such delicacy about the matter, and having a strong antipathy to Mary, the servant-maid pursued the search, and found, wrapped up with the letters, a phial containing nameless ingredients. On this fresh disclosure, she hastened again to her mistress, reiterating the fears she had often expressed—that their lodger was a consummate impostor. This mysterious bottle seemed now to warrant a deviation from the ordinary rule of hospitality; and in further turning over this medley of letters, Mrs. Rix found one addressed by a personal friend to Mary, upbraiding

her for her falsehood and treachery. One sentence was very significative—"Poor deluded Mrs. Rix!"

Very soon after this detection, Mary returned from a long walk. On entering her room she at once perceived that her papers had been deranged; and on calling in the housemaid, she turned the key and anxiously questioned her whether or not her mistress had been perusing them. What answer was given it is of little moment to ascertain. Mary could not but feel that her game was nearly up: and Mrs. Rix felt that immediate measures must be adopted to guard themselves against the possibility of further fraud. So soon, therefore, as her husband came back from some of his professional duties, she went to him in a very agitated state and said, "We have a swindler in our house. I am certain that Mary G—— has been duping us all the time she has been our inmate."

After some deliberation, it was resolved that Mrs. Rix should go that afternoon to the counting-house of the gentleman, who, they were led to believe, had recommended her in the first instance, and present him with the bill for Miss G——'s maintenance, &c. Mr. ——, as one might infer, received Mrs. Rix very coldly. He had an idea that he had heard of such a person as Miss G——, holding the situation of governess in a relative's family, but as to his having become responsible for her expenditure, the thing was contrary to his ordinary practice. Besides, he could give Mrs. Rix his word of honour that he knew nothing

of the recommendatory letter, which purported to be from his hand. He should, however, look a little more into the affair.

In the eyes of Mrs. Rix, things were assuming a very black appearance. "Had they, during the last two months, been the victims of a heartless cheat? Was all their kindness requited by such base ingratitude?"

After reporting the unsatisfactory nature of the interview she had had with —— Esq., Mr. Rix stepped across for her aunt and for another witness, on whose arrival Mary was requested to come down into the parlour, as some friends wished to see her. In a short time she appeared; and though, by the presence of so many individuals, she must have suspected the object, there was not the least confusion betrayed in her conduct. Not a blush rose on her cheek. Not a muscle moved. All bespoke her calmness, collectedness, innocence. For some minutes, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rix could unseal their lips. At length the latter, mustering up courage, broke the silence. "Miss G——," said she, "I have seen a letter addressed to yourself by Miss ——. Here it is. In it she charges you with deception and falsehood, especially with the imposition you have been practising upon us." Mary continued unmoved. The only word she uttered was, "Well." "I have also felt it due to myself and husband," continued Mrs. Rix, "in consequence of the insinuations it contains, to call on Mr. ——. He disclaims acquaintance

with you, and, moreover, denies the authorship of the letter which reached us bearing his signature. You must have forged it." Yet no feature underwent a change. She denied having forged his name; but on being further pressed respecting this and other letters, admitted that they had been penned at her wish, and under her dictation, by certain shop-keepers, whose names she subsequently left on a slip of paper.

To clear up any farther obscurity, this may be the most appropriate place to mention that the letter, purporting to be from —— Esq., proved to be the penmanship of a shop-keeper; who, when threatened with legal proceedings for a forgery, acknowledged that a young lady, a customer, had called on him one morning with her right hand tied up in a handkerchief, and had requested him, in consequence of her incapacity to handle a quill, to write a letter according to her dictation; but that it was far from his thoughts that he was abetting a fraud.

The note afterwards received by Mr. and Mrs. Rix, prohibiting their attendance at Mr. ——'s evening party, was also composed by Mary herself. Among the few papers preserved from destruction is its rough and unfinished original.

The supposed gifts of fish, game, &c., it turned out, from bills afterwards presented, had been ordered of a neighbouring fishmonger: and of the splendid gift from a baronet, time has told that it was ordered by Mary herself from a highly respectable bookseller in

Manchester, to whom, on the discovery of the circumstances, it was restored.

At the close of the interview which led to these revelations, Mrs. Rix ordered Mary to go up to her bedroom, whither she and her aunt would proceed to search her box. This was soon done; for her clothes were few, and those few very threadbare and dirty. Five shillings might have purchased the whole stock. Her purse and her letters she must have secreted elsewhere.

Having finished the search, Mrs. Rix said, "I shall order a fire to be lighted, and insist upon your keeping within your room, until we know what farther steps shall be taken." After the lapse of two or three hours, on returning to Mary's room, she found to her amazement an immense heap of papers on the fire, which were unfortunately too far consumed to be saved. She also found a fluid liquid resembling blood in the basin; and, with indignation, she at once challenged Miss G—— with a new attempt at deception. This she positively denied. But as Mrs. Rix was certain that it was so, she once more opened the lid of her small trunk, and shook out all its contents. Amongst these, there dropped out an old pocket, which contained a bottle of bullock's blood. Before hastening out of the room, Mrs. Rix turned to Mary and said, "I shall take this with me, and we shall see whether there will be any more vomiting of blood."

By that evening's post Mr. Rix communicated to her

brother at Southport, the painful news of Mary's fraudulent conduct, and urged him at once to see her.

"As your sister is detained here under very suspicious circumstances, which cannot be explained by letter, I write to urge your immediate presence. But lest you should fail to come at once, I am sorry to say measures will be forthwith instituted against her, over which the influence of all her friends and relatives can have no control.

"*April 27th.*"

In answer to this note, the brother arrived in Manchester late on Saturday evening, when he was confronted with his sister. He was exceedingly distressed at her conduct, and said that it was not the first time that she had played a like trick. To prevent legal measures being taken against his relative, he signed an agreement, in the presence of witnesses, to the effect that he would be answerable for the amount which was due to Mr. Rix. He also insisted that his sister should there and then write a confession of her base conduct to her kind friends. It is as follows:—

"I solemnly promise never in any way to speak or act disrespectfully towards Mr. and Mrs. Rix, or at any time to bring trouble upon them. I acknowledge I have deeply and basely injured them, for which I feel most truly and heartily penitent. I trust to God to protect me from again falling into so great a sin. I desire to acknowledge my ungratefulness towards them and others.

"MARY G——.

"*April 29th*, 1848."

From the inconvenience attendant on her removal at so late an hour that night, it was mutually arranged that she should remain over the Sabbath under the same roof, and depart with her brother George early on Monday morning. It was, however, stipulated that Mary should not leave her room.

All the following day she continued in bed, but must have been up at dawn next morning, as she then penned the long epistle which shall be immediately given.

A little after day-break the servants of the house rose to wash. While they were engaged in their work, they heard the footsteps of some one coming down stairs. The street door was at once opened, and the person. whoever it might be, escaped. Imagining that Mary was the individual, they went to her room, and ascertaining the truth of their suspicions. She had decamped, it appeared, without bonnet or shawl.

The alarm was conveyed to their master and mistress, and, being fearful lest she should attempt self-destruction, Mrs. Rix at once dressed herself, and sent a messenger across to her aunt, who, in turn, communicated it to Mary's brother.

While he was traversing the neighbourhood in quest of her, Mrs. Rix happened to go into the parlour, and found on the table the letter above named.

" When you read this I shall be on my way home. My motive in going off so clandestinely is not from fear of man, but purely that I cannot face those I have so grossly deceived; and I could not bring my mind to parting personally with

you. None need be uneasy about me, for I shall make my way home direct. If I can borrow from a friend I know sufficient to take me by the packet, I shall and will leave a note to be sent, stating if I did so, that George may pay it. If not, I am determined upon walking it, be the consequences what they may. I deserve to suffer punishment, so that will not be too cruel a task for me to perform. Perhaps you may think from my being so . . . . .* that I am not penitent, but *this time believe* me when I say that it could not be possible for mortal to feel more *deeply* or *repent* more truly than I do. If it were possible to shed tears of blood, I could. I feel that I am, in the sight of God, the most sinful and ungrateful of his creatures. I shall first seek forgiveness from him, who will then soften the hearts of those I have so basely injured to forgive me. Forgot it never can be, neither by man or myself. Would to God it could! It will go down to the grave with me, a stain of the deepest hue. I leave you with this hope, that after this is over I shall still be pitied, and that my name will *only* be mentioned in sympathy. It is myself that will for life be the greatest sufferer. I trust God will extend his mercy towards me, and then take me to himself. I leave you with the galling remembrance of your kindness, and shall ever think of you with the greatest respect. Indeed I cannot thank you enough; but my future actions must speak what I now feel. I hope what is past will be forgiven, and let this letter testify against me, if ever I knowingly and wilfully offend again for the the future. You have dear children of your own. They may possibly offend, though I pray they never will, as I have done, yet you wish they might meet with pardon rather than reprobation. My making or ruin, I am sensible, for the future lies with you. If you forgive, you may save a soul as well as a body from

* Word illegible.

misery; and I hope you will weigh this with your usual goodness and consideration. What is now past I cannot help, but for what is to come, I do promise, if God gives me health and power and *grace*, that my actions shall testify for me how much I bewail my past offences. I thing George had better remain Monday over, so that all be fully settled. If I am wanted, I shall be found at home. I cannot close this letter without again saying how truly sorry I am for the trouble I have given you, and again beg and crave your pardon.

"I am, dear sir and madam,

"Your humble and repentant servant,

"MARY G——."

[The Italics are her own.]

On her flight from Mr. Rix's house, Mary wandered about the streets of the vicinity in a very forlorn state; until wearied with her peregrinations, and no doubt suffering from the sharp morning frosts of Spring, she retreated for an asylum to the dwelling of a distant relative. There, after many inquiries, her brother found her, and, to all appearance, she was already contented and *at home*. He would not, however, allow her to remain any longer in Manchester, and took her under his own escort to Southport. Before tracing her thither, a few additional particulars which sprang out of her connexion with the family of Mr. Rix, may be supplied.

While Mary was a patient under his care, she made frequent mention of a medical gentleman in F——shire, as one who had paid special attention to her case. To

test her truthfulness, Mr. Rix wrote, on the day of her departure, to the latter in these terms :—

" Dear Sir,

" The purport of my note is to ascertain if you remember having a patient under your care of the name of Miss Mary G——, a governess at Mrs. ——'s; and if so, whether you would be kind enough to inform me, so far as you may remember, for what disease or diseases she was treated by you. She has been under my care for about three months, and as her disease is very obscure to me, I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you relative to her case. Did she, whilst under your care, vomit blood frequently? Say once, twice or thrice, a-week? If so, did you ever examine the blood particularly, so as to be able to say that it was at all times blood? I make these inquiries, as I have reason to suppose some little deception has been attempted to be practised upon me."

As the answer was *confidential*, it would be a breach of that confidence to give it in detail. It may be mentioned that, having her under his eye for two years, Mr. A. was in a position to substantiate Mr. Rix's opinion respecting her. There was undoubtedly at that period more or less congestion in the chest, also considerable enlargement of the liver, with other symptoms, not easily classified. Spite of all these threatening indications she always had a voracious appetite for the dainties of the table. In fact he corroborated Mr. R.'s conclusion, that " altogether she was one of the most extraordinary persons he had met with in his experience as a practitioner."

How it fared with Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Rix could not obtain definite information for many months. But early in January, 1849, a letter reached them from the medical gentleman to whom reference had been made. It was couched in this language:—

"If the name of G—— be not to you quite odious and intolerable, I would be glad once more to trespass upon your time and patience. My object is this, to ascertain the address of the lady in question, so as to elicit, if possible, what information she may possess, if any, relative to a note of hand for £50, bearing the name of the late Mr. ——, suspected to be the handwriting of a female, and that female no other than Miss G——. The document was a joint note bearing two names, the former of the two being Mr. ——'s, and affecting to be passed for money lent to him; the other name in the note is that of a person I presume quite unknown to you, but familiarly acquainted with Miss G——.

"Knowing, as I do, the principal parties implicated in the note, and feeling a sincere regard for the welfare of Mr. ——'s orphan children (whose interests must eventually suffer if the validity of the note be established), I feel most desirous to procure what information I can in the matter.

"The executors of Mr. —— are now called on to pay the amount of the note, but very properly dispute its payment. They are therefore called on to defend an action at law, and on this account it is desirable to put their counsel in full possession of all the information that can be had touching the real characters of some of the parties."

But it is time to track the footsteps of "The Spy in the Family" to Southport. In answer to inquiries from the friend who has supplied this information, a gentle-

man, now resident in that watering-place, and in every way worthy of credit, replied to our informant thus:—

"*Southport, February 14th*, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"I returned home yesterday and found a letter of inquiries from you respecting Miss G——. I believe it is pretty well known here that she is the person that is meant. It came out in this manner: on the first appearance of 'The Female Jesuit,' a lady procured the book, and was beginning to cut open its leaves, when a friend standing by her said—'Allow me to look at the portrait;' and on examining it she exclaimed—'Why! that is Mary G——.' It is thought to be a good likeness, but rather flattered.

"She bears the character in Southport of being a great talker and full of craftiness. The epithets employed by those who know her, to express her cunning, are very strange and emphatic. While in this neighbourhood she was ostensibly with her brother George, who for some time followed his father's occupation at Church Town. About two years since he removed to ——, where, I am told, his wife's parents reside. Mr. G—— bears the character of being an honest man, is a Baptist of hyper-Calvinistic sentiments, and during his stay in the vicinity of Southport, was very zealous in propagating his peculiar tenets.

"Their mother, if my informants have not misled me, was professedly a Protestant by education and in creed. She had evidently some good points in her moral character; but with regard to religion, she wanted fixedness of principle. She seemed very much inclined to fall in with Wesleyans, Independents, Episcopalians, Protestants, or Romanists, as self-interest might dictate. She died about four years ago. It is currently believed that her death was accelerated by the misconduct of her daughter, especially some fraudulent trans-

actions in Manchester, which pressed heavily upon the mother's mind.

"Miss G—— was in Southport and its neighbourhood two or three months before her parents' death, and about six months subsequent to it. She greatly harassed both her mother and brother by the debts she contracted.

"Rumour says that Miss M——, an accomplished lady and a staunch Romanist, was the individual who succeeded in converting Mary G—— to the doctrines of the Papal Church. Whether this version be correct or not, I cannot say positively; but it is notorious, that after forming acquaintance with that lady, she associated chiefly with members of the Romanist communion; and that through the influence of his sister, Mr. G—— on several occasions called in the priest for his advice, when bailiffs were in his house for debts incurred by the former.

"Whither she went after her disappearance in Southport, no one can tell me."

But by comparing the dates named by my friend with those furnished in your book, it is certain that the interval between her leaving Southport and her introduction to Mr. Luke's house must have been very brief.

"Out of this strange history," concludes our informant, "many important inquiries arise. I can but suggest one. How far is Mary's duplicity traceable to parental influence? If the information supplied by my Southport friend be trustworthy—and of this I cannot entertain a doubt—Mrs. G——, though possessing many excellent properties, vacilitated in her religious views; now coalescing with Romanism, now with Protestantism; in fact, taking the hues of those who would be most pro-

fitable to her in worldly things. Now, by all accounts, Mary is thoroughly Protean; learned or unlearned, clever or stupid, devout or undevout, a Romanist or a Protestant, according to the social influences by which she is surrounded. If Mary herself can be relied on, parental instruction has had much to do with her hypocrisy. On overhearing Mrs. Rix rebuke her child for something which appeared evasive, Mary turned to her and emphatically said, 'That is the right plan. *I was taught by my mother to lie between her and my father.*'"

The reader must bear in mind that this is *Marie's* statement, and receive it with reserve. She who has slandered the living, is little likely to have done justice to the dead.

CHAPTER XX.

LINEAMENTS OF MARIE'S PORTRAIT.

It is not one bold outline which will convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary being whose character remains to be dissected. It is true that there is one feature so monstrous, that in sketching it alone the likeness cannot fail to be recognized; but there are many careful touches necessary to complete the finished portrait. It is desirable to analyze her character in parts before presenting it as a whole, or attempting to arrive at any conclusion respecting it. One master passion, one mainspring of action, may be observed originating the whole current of her life; but other and subsidiary springs may be detected continually falling in with and strengthening it, as with torrent-like force it hurries her on her fearful way.

To avoid trespassing on Mr. Seager's narrative, the illustrations of this assertion must be taken from former periods of her life, and the lighter indications will be first presented.

Marie has always been, by her own account, an

almost universal genius. On introducing herself to Mr. Luke, she laid claim to the knowledge of four languages. German, she said, had been in a sense her mother tongue, having been the native language of her father, and well understood by her mother; French she had learned during her long residence in French convents; and Italian during two years she spent at Nice. Latin she had been taught for its use in the services of the Church; and so perfectly as subsequently to speak of going to confession in Latin at Cologne.

As to music, she had been taught the piano-forte, guitar, and organ. She had learned thorough bass and singing, and had been accustomed to sing in parts with her mamma and uncle, till the rupture of a blood vessel had imposed an interdict on this delightful exercise.

In drawing, she professed while in London, to excel in one style only, that of large crayon heads; and she frequently talked of buying a set of crayon pencils in order to teach Elizabeth. Botanical drawings were added to her list of acquisitions while at Brussels.

Her taste for poetry she of course inherited from her mother, who, according to her account, had produced some of the most beautiful hymns sung at the Roman Catholic festivals. This taste had been continually repressed during Marie's convent life, and had not arrived at that perfection which might have been expected had her natural gift been allowed full play.

Within the wide range of fancy work, there was nothing which she had not done or could not do. At

knitting and crotchet it was evident that she *did* excel, but this was a very small fraction of her accomplishments. She had learned the secret and difficult art of making point lace from the nuns on the Continent. She had embroidered robes and scapulas in gold from designs by Pugin, and had assisted in the decorations of the altar at St. George's Cathedral. Wax flowers and muslin flowers she could make to perfection; in worsted work of all kinds she was quite at home; and by her own account nothing came amiss to her, from the costly pallium of a cardinal-archbishop down to alum baskets or imitation birds' nests.

Her adroitness in extricating herself from the difficulties into which her boastful pretensions had brought her, was not less remarkable than the temerity with which she advanced them. In many cases she would skilfully avoid the opportunity of being tested; but where this was impossible, she would have some other scheme ready. Her management of the "uncle" letters for some time countenanced her statement regarding her acquaintance with French. She usually hastened with them to her room, as if anxious to enjoy the first reading alone; and having, doubtless, in solitude refreshed her recollection of the English original, would return to read them off correctly and readily. When she received the letters in presence of the family, she would affect too much agitation to read them alone, and would call Mrs. Luke or Elizabeth to her assistance; at times when they hesitated, offering a more fluent rendering

than the one which they could supply. It was not till after her return from Mr. Spalding's that, on undertaking to give Lilly a French lesson, she was observed to mis-match the gender of a noun and adjective; and later still, the superscription on a letter to her uncle of "*Poste restaurante,*" originating in some unlucky combination of *restaurant* and *restante,* respecting which Elizabeth never failed to rally her, led her to draw in her pretensions to acquaintance with French literature, and she avoided all subsequent reference to the unfortunate subject.

She had promised to give Elizabeth some lessons on the organ, but illness and misadventures frequently prevented her from carrying out her intention. One fine afternoon, in the summer of 1849, they were actually prepared to go to Orange Street Chapel, and practise on the organ there, when a cry was heard in the kitchen. Marie had upset the kettle, and scalded her hand. There was a great stir, and a calling for cold water, flour, scraped potatoes, rag, &c., &c., and at length the hand, which merely showed a little redness, was bound up. With unabated eagerness, she insisted on accompanying Elizabeth to the chapel, and went through the first exhibition of her musical skill *with one hand.* There is no doubt that she could play a little on the organ, but this was probably a *ruse* to avoid being taxed beyond her powers, or appearing to come short of the proficiency to be expected from one who had played in the cathedral at Amiens; while her

performance with one hand shewed that she *could* play, and left full scope for imagination as to what she might have done, had both hands been at liberty.

She was frequently urged to sketch some illustrations for her auto-biography, and often promised to do so, but as often found some excuse. Two or three months before her departure from Cromwell Terrace, some great secret was in hand between her and Lilly, and the latter was often summoned into Marie's room, and the door locked. At length it slipped out that Lilly was *learning to draw.* When Marie had finally left, Lilly brought out the results of her drawing lessons. These consisted of the water-mark in the paper, a non-descript animal dignified by the name of a duck, and scores of little crosses like the number X. There was not even the attempt to give the child the simplest copy; and she merely took this step to re-assure her friends that she was indeed conversant with this accomplishment.

Her poetical vein had as little reality as her other imaginary accomplishments, the discovery of the little volume of poems at Bonn having proved that the verses to which she laid claim were written by another hand; yet never was any stratagem more adroitly managed. She selected for appropriation no poetry of elevated and original character, but simple girl-like verses, suited to her standard of knowledge and intellect. Many were the copies written and re-written, with corrections and interlineations, which she left loosely in her open

desk or about her room. Often would she bring a copy of verses, with one line too long and another too short, with a word wanting here and a rhyme defective there, and request a suggestion from her friends to enable her to finish them. At length a complete and fairly written copy would be produced; and who could suppose the result of so much care and pains to be the composition of another person?

Her skill in feigning diseases rivalled her pretensions to literature. She is known to have imposed on eight medical men, and she may have imposed upon as many more. Threatened brain fever and delirium, apoplexy, inflammation of the lungs, and palpitation of the heart, were all tried in turn. During her stay at Mr. Spaldings, she managed an attack of "genuine Asiatic cholera;" the cramp, the limbs drawn up, the livid swollen features, the blackened lips were there; in the pauses of apparently agonising pain, she faintly asked why Mrs. Luke did not come, and the medical attendant intimated to the terrified household that it was useless to disturb Mrs. Luke at that hour of the night, as two hours would decide the case. But the *chef d'œuvre* of her acting in this line was doubtless the rupture of blood-vessels, and all the symptoms of consumption, in which she deceived so many skilful and upright men.

Her ability in counterfeiting emotion could scarcely be surpassed. Sorrow, indignation, surprise, joy, affection, gratitude, were all acted to perfection. Pale or flushed cheeks, raised or softened tones, tears or smiles,

nervous tremor or exulting confidence, were all at command as occasion called for them. It may be observed, however, that she seems to have needed the sympathy of her auditors for the full expression of her counterfeit emotions; and hence during the last fortnight at Cromwell Terrace, the tears and sobs which she endeavoured to call forth on the occasion of her uncle's illness, could not as formerly be produced.

Her expertness in letter writing, and her skill in keeping up her different characters, is extraordinary. As a Jesuit uncle; as a frivolous French girl, under the name of "Julia K. D'Orsay;" as a young convert to the religion of the Bible, half instructed and earnest as "Lucy Grantham Gardiner;" or as the lively "Elizabeth" of Cromwell Terrace, she maintained throughout the character she assumed. The letters she wrote did in each instance impose on those for whom they were written, and the talent of the writer was proved by her success.

The ingenuity of her fictions, even in matters of comparatively trifling detail, was most extraordinary. The reader has already had opportunities of remarking this feature, and as an illustration in point, one additional incident may suffice.

On one occasion, before leaving Mr. Spalding's family, Marie requested a holyday, and permission to remain absent till the next morning. She had, she said, received a letter from Mrs. Luke, conveying an invitation to dine at the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird's. The Duke of Argyle was to be there, and he wished to see her before

consenting to write a preface to her book. She was to go to Mr. Luke's afterwards, as it would be too late to return that night. Permission was given. She went, and returned to Kentish Town the next day. She described the dinner, the company, the dresses; but, above all, the courteous manner and Christian deportment of the Duke. She particularised the way in which she was introduced, and the words which passed; and how, having led her to a seat, he entered into conversation respecting her former life, and all the subjects in which she was most deeply interested, and soon made her feel as much at her ease as if her rank and intelligence had been equal to his own.

As may be supposed, she had never been to Mrs. Kinnaird's, nor had she met the Duke of Argyle, nor had he received any application to write a preface for her book. She had not even been to Mr. Luke's house. How she disposed of herself during that interval, is unknown to this day.

The way in which, by petty slanders and insinuations so far founded on truth as to bear the impress of credibility, and of just such a nature as would be particularly repellent to the feelings of the opposite party, she could keep at a distance individuals whose proximity might have led to her detection—was matchless in skill as in wickedness, though examples of this practice would be too lengthy and too personal to record. The way in which, as in the case of Mrs. Rix and her female visitor (see page 148), she could play off one person

against another, and bring two individuals, both her dupes, and to whom she had told opposite stories, into the same room, and not only avoid detection, but make them carry out her own ends, is surely unrivalled.

Equally well could she feign the passion which her late friends have as yet obtained no evidence that she ever really felt. Her references to the imaginary "Wynne," in Mrs. Jobson's letters, though brief and suited to the character she assumed, as well as to the party whom she addressed, are full of meaning, and intended to indicate a struggle of no ordinary kind. Her engagement with "Eustace" extended over a much longer period, and was conducted in altogether a different style. And a third variety, an affair of the heart which she confided to Mrs. Luke while at Cromwell Terrace, was managed with so much ingenuity as to afford a striking illustration of her mode of acting.

With much hesitation, and at different intervals, she communicated to Mrs. Luke that during her holidays in 1849, she had seen much of a family known to both. That one of the sons had paid her attentions which she could not misunderstand, and that his mother had given her frequent hints not less intelligible. That his amount of information and intelligence, his filial deportment, his agreeable manners, and his preference for herself, had made an impression far too deep for her own peace; and an ample income, equal to all her wishes, added strength to the temptation. Fresh from the nunnery, where she had lived in entire ignorance of such emo-

tions, "it was her first attachment," and therefore the more difficult to surmount! The absence of any pretensions to elevated birth on the part of the young man, would, however, in her uncle's view be an insurmountable obstacle to his union with one who had sprung from so old and distinguished a family as the Cliffords; and his religious principles, not being in her view sufficiently decided, she considered it her duty to reject his overtures, and to put an extinguisher on the tender flame which had been kindled in her own heart. The young man went abroad, and despite her heroic resolves, her thoughts often wandered after him. Months passed, and illness followed. One evening, at the period when the "chest symptoms" had alarmingly progressed, on the return of Mrs. Luke from some service at the chapel, Marie called her into her room, closed the door, and in an apparently distressed and excited state began as follows:—

"Oh! Mrs. Luke, I have had a letter from Mrs. ——. She says that her son is much distressed about my illness, and that he is going to write to me!"

"Well, why should you be alarmed at that?"

"Oh! she makes it quite plain what he is going to write to me about, and I am afraid he will be coming over before there is time to prevent it. I have been so agitated ever since the note came. *Do* tell me what I can do."

Mrs. Luke suggested, that in all probability Mrs. —— would wait her reply before writing again to her

son, and that there would be time to prevent his coming, and gently to discourage any correspondence before it went farther.

"But what can I say? I never had anything of the sort before. I have not the least idea what kind of letter to write. Do tell me," pursued Marie. "I cannot misunderstand her letter: it is impossible: and yet she has been so kind to me, I can't bear to offend her."

Mrs. L. recommended her to postpone a matter requiring so much consideration till the next day, merely suggesting that it would be easy to decline the correspondence on the score of her failing health.

That night Marie ruptured a blood-vessel, the result doubtless of a renewed reference to so agitating a subject. The next day, propped up with pillows, she *must* write to Mrs. ——, and she entreated Mrs. Luke to take compassion on her ignorance and simplicity, and tell her what to say. It was her wish to be very decided, and yet not to seem to understand so fully as she really did, lest she should give pain. Mrs. Luke recommended her to write on ordinary topics first, and bring in the principal subject incidentally. She wrote accordingly, and having filled nearly two sheets, again turned to Mrs. Luke, and begged to be told the very words. Thus urged, the latter dictated a paragraph to the following effect:—

"I feel most grateful to yourself and Mr. —— (the gentleman in question) and to all your kind circle for their interest and sympathy, and beg you to assure

them how much I feel indebted to them all. I do not, however, wish Mr. —— to write to me, for though he might intend it merely as a friend, I am afraid of having any other thoughts or feelings suggested to my own mind beyond those which ought to occupy me in my present state of health. You are aware, dear Mrs. —— how very uncertain my life is, and how little prospect I have of its extension for any lengthened period, and will I am sure forgive this frankness."

Mrs. L. thought this quite sufficient, and that Marie might revert to other subjects. The letter was finished, sealed, and directed, and nothing more was said of the matter till she was again able to go out; and knowing that she should meet Mrs. ——, she expressed her fear lest this kind friend should meet her less cordially than formerly. They met. Mrs. —— spoke kindly as usual, but Marie cast her eyes down, and lost her fluency, and Mrs. Luke took up the conversation to relieve her embarrassment. Marie afterwards expressed her pleasure at the unchanged manner of her former friend. After her departure from Cromwell Terrace, it was ascertained that Mrs. —— had never written such a letter to Marie; that her son had never felt the slightest interest in her; and that Marie's reply never went. She, indeed, wrote a letter to Mrs. ——, but it was one of an altogether different character. The pretended attachment and discouragement were only a scheme to increase the sympathy of her protectors, and to deepen their confidence in her strength of principle.

The whole range of her fictions tended to self-aggrandisement. Her birth, though never allied to nobility, or fixed beyond the bounds of credibility, was always of some good family: her lovers, her delicate health, her property, accomplishments, ardour and generosity of disposition, all tended to advance her own importance, and to concentrate attention upon herself.

It must be observed, that all those qualities in which she professed to excel, were the opposites of her true character. The apparent artlessness which she assumed, proved to be consummate art: the affection and gratitude to which she laid special claim, were qualities of which it does not appear that she possessed a particle: of the intense filial affection which she at all times put forward as a prominent characteristic, there is sad evidence that she was altogether destitute: she feigned excitability, though in her own proper character she was cool and self-possessed almost beyond belief: she affected to be careless and thoughtless, while better acquaintance has proved that this was to disguise her care and craft: and she assumed the mask of extreme generosity and kindness of disposition, when her heartlessness and selfishness were painful to a degree.

In proof of the last assertion, one instance only need be adduced. It may be remembered that in "The Female Jesuit," mention is made of a servant out of place and out of health, whom it was supposed that Marie had embarrassed herself to support. She induced this poor girl to leave the neighbourhood of her former

friends and take a lodging near her, speaking largely of what she would do for her when her uncle came. She intimated to her friends at Cromwell Terrace, that she had given this poor girl from three to four shillings a week out of her own purse, and while she led them to admire her generosity, prevented the exercise of their benevolence. On the other hand, she told Eliza —— that her former friends in Kentish Town had taken a dislike to her, and had refused to aid her, thus adding a keener pang to the near anticipation of absolute want.

Happily and unexpectedly, when on the verge of starvation, Eliza —— obtained a situation in a family, and not till after the publication of "The Female Jesuit," was it known that Marie had never given her anything from her own resources; that she had never paid her for a large quantity of needlework done to her order, and that of *nearly £2 entrusted to her by Eliza's former friends*, she had given her *one solitary sixpence.*

Falsehood and deception were by no means the only dark features in Marie's character, though the former were more strongly indicated than any or than all besides. Of her surpassing skill in her hateful art, it need only be cited, in conclusion, that she was equally successful in practising upon doctors and lawyers, tradesmen and professors, benevolent ladies and astute men of business, Protestant divines and Roman Catholic priests, and almost every imaginable class of society, from the simple servant girl up to the wily Cardinal.

Other impostors may have shown equal skill in some

one plot, with one object in view; but taken as a whole, acting as she did under the immediate roofs and daily observation of her victims, shifting about into classes of the community of opposite habits and sentiments, and adapting herself with equal facility to all, it must surely be admitted, that such a character never before appeared, and that she is emphatically "her own parallel."

A considerable amount of misplaced sympathy has in some quarters been bestowed on Marie, to be traced chiefly to the advantage of her age, sex, and personal appearance. Far be it from us to forbid the extension of Christian compassion to her, in common with all the guilty and the wretched. All that we protest against is, the exercise of any peculiar sympathy towards her, on account of her personal attractions. She who has robbed the poor, has slandered some of her best benefactors, and has brought her mother to the grave, possesses little claim to such sympathy. Satan, when transformed into an angel of light, is Satan still; and no measure of personal beauty should lessen our disgust at the ugliness of sin.

Still less ought any admiration of her talent in her hateful art, to diminish the horror and loathing which such falsehood should inspire. Strange was it to hear that the judge at her trial, complimented her on her ability. Stranger still that one young man, morally and religiously educated, should have been so fascinated by her talent, as to say that he should like her for a wife!

Nor must it be forgotten, that she did not show equal ability in other departments. Though vanity and self-interest equally prompted her to the attainment of various female accomplishments, and she took lessons in them, it was with little success. She made scarcely any progress in music, French, or German, and never finished reading a book requiring thought. She might, indeed, have succeeded in these, but she wanted the power to apply. Her mind was occupied elsewhere. Her abilities were not much above the average; but her attention and energies were all concentrated on one infamous pursuit, and so far she is an instance of what the whole devotion of the mind to one chosen object may, without any extraordinary mental powers, accomplish.

CHAPTER XXI.

PUBLIC INCREDULITY.

FAMILIAR with all the details contained in "The Female Jesuit," and aware that they could be well attested by a large circle of friends, the family whom she had deceived were unprepared for the measure of incredulity with which the book was received. From booksellers and librarians in town and country, they heard but one statement, that the work was everywhere regarded as a fiction, and that not one in ten received it as a narrative of facts. Seldom, without the knowledge of the parties, has the story obtained credence, yet never, perhaps, was a narrative penned with more scrupulous attention to truth than in this instance. Destitute of many of the usual characteristics of a fictitious tale, having neither the plot nor the point, the commencement nor the conclusion, of the finished novel; and crowded with circumstances, which, apart from their truth, would have possessed but little interest, it was imagined that internal evidence would have enabled the reader to credit the assertion of the preface, that the whole narrative was strictly and literally true.

Many courteous letters of inquiry from strangers have reached the persons interested, of which the following are specimens. The first is from a much respected member of the Society of Friends.

"S. M. presents her respects to Mrs. L., and begs to apologize for the liberty she has taken in addressing her, but she has, with her family, taken great interest in a book, the veracity of which they themselves do not doubt, entitled 'The Female Jesuit; or, The Spy in the Family.' Many of their friends, however, cannot be convinced of the truth of the narrative; and hearing that Mrs. L. is the authoress, she is anxious to ascertain from herself whether the history of Marie L. G.'s deception is a true one. She would not trouble Mrs. L., but she is anxious to remove any doubts from the minds of her friends, and to convince them that the deception is possible. If Mrs. L. would only favour her with one line in reply, she would feel very much obliged; and she trusts to her kindness to excuse a somewhat unreasonable and singular request."

The only name and address given in "The Female Jesuit" was that of Messrs. Cameron and Viall. The following letter was addressed to them:—

"*Oct. 22nd*, 1851.

"Sirs,

"I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in requesting your kindness to inform me if the remarkable work lately published—'The Female Jesuit; or, the Spy in the Family,' is true. I am most anxious to ascertain it; and as the parties concerned only give their initials, I am inclined to inquire of you, your names being mentioned in the book. If it is allowable to ask any farther questions, I am very desirous to

know the real name of Mr. L——, and the church in which he officiates; but I shall be contented simply to be informed that the book is genuine, doubts having been thrown upon it.

"With many apologies for the trouble an entire stranger is giving, &c.

"To Messrs. Cameron and Viall,
"50, Oxford Street."

The annexed was addressed to the author through the publisher.

"*Jan. 3rd*, 1852.

"Mrs. M. presents her compliments to the editor of 'The Female Jesuit,' and having taken much interest in its perusal, ventures to trouble the editor by inquiring for some references as to tracing the truth of the story. Not to satisfy Mrs. M., as she cannot doubt the editor's assertion of his tale being 'literally true,' but to satisfy several of her friends who do not believe that such events could have taken place."

So frequently have anecdotes in proof of this general scepticism entertained the family circle, that it has become an everyday occurrence, and they have never thought of recording what might by this time have furnished an amusing list of incidents. Among the circumstances still fresh in their recollection, is one communicated by Mrs. Praed, whose misfortune in the matter of the wax head is mentioned in the former volume. Having removed from Westbourne Green to Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove, she one day received a call from a lady who had with some difficulty sought her out. This lady resided in the country, and had come to that neighbourhood, as Mrs. P. understood, for the sole pur-

pose of ascertaining the truth of "The Female Jesuit," the interest in her mind being so intense that she could not rest without being satisfied. "The Lock Chapel" and "C—— Terrace" furnished a guide to the neighbourhood, and Mrs. P.'s initial with a clue to an individual. Mrs. Praed turned to her book, and showed the lady the entry of Marie's debts, and the receipt from an Italian *artiste* for the remodelling of the identical wax head, and furnished the lady with many additional particulars respecting the object of her inquiry. Fully convinced, and well pleased that her journey had not been in vain, the visitor said that she should now return to her country home, and assure all the doubters of that neighbourhood that the tale was true.

On the first appearance of the book, Mrs. Luke sent a copy to a well-known and admired writer of the present day, reiterating in an accompanying note the assurance of its truth. He did not acknowledge the receipt of the volume, and the information has recently been supplied that he threw it aside as a made-up tale. That one himself so distinguished as a writer of fiction, could not discriminate between truth and fancy in this case, must be regarded as a singular evidence of the marvellous character of the heroine and of her plots. Some eight months afterwards, his sister received from Bonn, a letter confirmatory of the entire story, and adding a new chapter to the whole. The sister rose from her seat, and with the open letter in hand, one step took her to her brother's study. "C——, it is true!"

she exclaimed; and read what her letter contained. "Then we will read it again," he said: and with altered impressions they took up the book, while he desired his sister to write again to her correspondent, and obtain all the new particulars of which she was in possession.

To satisfy the public and to vindicate themselves from the suspicion of falsehood, the names have been given in the present sequel. To authenticate the facts, strange and romantic as they may have appeared, is easy; but to come to any definite and satisfactory conclusion respecting the extraordinary character to whom they refer, is in some points of view almost as difficult as before.

CHAPTER XXII.

IS SHE A JESUIT?

FARTHER acquaintance with Marie's early history has removed the impression which her unaccountable stratagems had conveyed, and which appeared to her friends to admit of no other solution than the one which they offered—that she was connected with the Jesuits. Her early propensity for trickery, her management of all her tricks alone and unaided, her alternate profession of Popery and Protestantism, as her own convenience dictated, her impositions upon Roman Catholics, and above all upon Cardinal Wiseman himself, have convinced her former friends that this theory cannot be sustained, and they feel bound in all frankness to avow their altered convictions. Truth can never be sustained upon false premises, and they would be the last to wish to be guilty of unfairness *even* to the *Jesuits*.

It must be borne in mind, however, by those who object to the title of "The Female Jesuit," that it was one which Marie had herself adopted. She stated that she had come from a Society of Female Jesuits, and

that she had been one of them; and however incorrect the theory founded on her statement may have been, in the conventional use of the term, as an embodiment of the spirit of intrigue, none can even now deny its appropriateness.

And while yielding—cheerfully and unhesitatingly yielding—all that truth demands, they feel the more anxious to concede nothing beyond the truth. They would not for one instant countenance the conclusion, that "because Marie may be no Jesuit," "therefore there are no female Jesuits." The employment of female agency by the Jesuits is a fact of far more importance to the public than Marie's individual case; and it has been in the face of much difficulty, and with no little pains and effort, that the statements of Michelet and Liguori on this point have been investigated and substantiated.

How far Marie's descriptions of the "Faithful Companions of Jesus" are correct, has been but partially ascertained. She described them, not as connected with the "Society of Jesus," but rather as being themselves a Society of Female Jesuits, instituted in imitation of the original order, for similar objects, and with a constitution and mechanism essentially the same. The circumstances which Marie adduced in illustration of this similarity, have, on inquiry, been confirmed in several important particulars; and false as her assertions in regard to her own history have proved, no discrepancy has as yet been detected in her general statements re-

specting the Order with which she was for a short time associated.

A friend acquainted with two ladies who joined that Order, and who had successively resided in the convents of Amiens, Isleworth, and Liverpool, has elicited the following facts confirmatory of Marie's statements. One of these ladies was, after two years' residence, rejected, because she failed in obedience to the Reverend Mother; the other is now a professed nun.

"There is a boarding school connected with the convents, and the nuns being occupied in teaching, their time is not so exclusively given up to devotional exercises as among some other religieuses." Compare this with Marie's statement in "The Female Jesuit," p. 5, 6.

"It is customary to remove the members suddenly, and without any consultation of their feelings, to another convent of the same Order."—p. 4, 115.

"You may rest fully assured of the implicit obedience enjoined in this Order, as well as of the custom of removing the inmates in utter disregard of their own personal wish. In fact that they did not desire it would rather be an inducement than otherwise."—p. 6, 64-5.

"Neither are they allowed to form any attachment in the convent. If it were noticed that two nuns evidenced any special friendship for each other, this would be considered an occasion for the removal of one of them. This is 'mortification,' 'penance,' 'obedience.'"—p. 6.

"They rise at five in the morning, and the first half-hour is spent silently in a darkened room. This is called 'meditation.' Their patron saint is Saint Aloysius, a young Jesuit, who was noted for his extreme sanctity, and died during his noviciate."—See p. 104.

"I venture to express a hope," concludes the intelligent writer of the letter from which these passages are extracted, "that you will not be prevailed upon to publish any doubt as to the correctness of Marie's statements respecting 'the Faithful Companions of Jesus.' I believe them to be perfectly true, especially as it regards 'the implicit obedience required,' 'the check put upon the natural feelings, &c., &c.'"

Surely it was not without reason that Marie instituted a comparison between this system and that of Ignatius Loyola.

The verification of Marie's statements regarding this particular Order has not been considered a point of so much importance, as the discovery of how far other Orders of nuns, and other classes of female society, are under the control or guidance of the Jesuits.

The assertion of Michelet, as quoted in the former volume, is, that "Loyola's law, forbidding the employment of female agency, has been expressly repealed, and that some Orders of nuns are available for Jesuit purposes." The ladies of the Order of the "Sacré Cœur, in particular, are 'said to be' not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but, since 1823, to have had the same rules."

In support of the correctness of this assertion, the following communication has been received from one formerly high in office in the Roman Catholic Church.

"I believe Michelet to be a well informed and truthful writer. The Jesuits, with the art they possess of working secretly, manage to conceal the connexion they have with institutions of sisters, and therefore deny that the many institutions founded by them, have anything to do with their Order. It should be known, that wherever the Jesuits are able to carry on their work themselves these institutions do not exist, or are of little importance; as is the case in Italy, where the greater number of these female establishments are not known. The Sisters of Charity, for example, who are found in several cities of Italy, have little to do with the Jesuits; and in some parts of that country may be found some who are opposed to the Jesuits. It is well known that their Order was founded by Vincenzo di Paoli, who was not a Jesuit at all.

"But *out* of Italy, I know that different Orders of Sisters are in league with the Jesuits, who direct their movements, and employ them as agents and spies. The Sisters of 'the Holy Heart,' those of 'the Infant Jesus,' and 'the Faithful Companions of Jesus,' are all institutions of Jesuits, under their orders, verbal or written, and so faithful and attached to the society that they offer themselves for any service whatever, and are ready to make any sacrifice. They receive secret instructions, 'Secreta Monita,' which are not made known

to the whole sisterhood; and those who are acquainted with them cannot reveal them even to their spiritual director, if he be not a Jesuit.

"I may here repeat that in Italy, excepting the 'Sisters of Charity,' and of 'the Sacred Heart,' Orders of females either do not exist or are unknown. But instead of them, there are in the Roman States *Maestré Pie*, an Order of Sisters, founded in the time when the Jesuits were yet suppressed. These take upon themselves the education of the young. These are *apparently* directed by the priests and bishops, but *secretly* as well by the Jesuits. There are also in Italy, several societies of ladies called by various names, such as 'L'Oratorio del Caravita' in Rome, the 'Pia Unione' in Naples, &c., the object of which is to hold meetings, at least once a month, among the Jesuits, in order to discuss spiritual matters. It is incredible how devoted the ladies attending these meetings become to the Jesuits, bestow their riches upon them, and do all they desire. In these meetings, marriages are arranged or broken off, wills are prepared, &c. It is certain that the Jesuits, in order to obtain their end, and to win the affections of persons, particularly of ladies, dexterously second their desires, even so far as to become mediators in cases of broken off friendships. It is difficult for a woman who has received the education of a bigot, not to be attached to the sweet and spiritual manner of the Jesuits.

"I know that there are many Jesuitesses in England,

especially among French governesses, and this is one of the branches of the Mission of the Propaganda of Rome. The Sisters of 'the Infant Jesus,' and 'the Faithful Companions of Jesus,' are to be regarded as Jesuits. Unhappily, when I hear the blessed name of Jesus given as a title to any Roman Catholic institution, I am assured that it is a Jesuit work."

And lest the testimony of a convert to Protestantism should be disputed, it may be stated in conclusion, from *incontrovertible evidence, on high Jesuit authority*, that there are "*Confraternities*" *of ladies of various ages and ranks in society, directed by the Jesuit fathers, and extending themselves over the United Kingdom; and that there are also various convents under the direction of the Jesuits scattered over the country.* It may be mentioned, for example, that the ladies of New Hall in Essex, of the Order of "the Infant Jesus," have a Jesuit superior; and how far this is the case with all others of the same Order, as well as with "the Faithful Companions," and "the Sacred Heart," we leave to the public to ascertain. The fact alone is stated. It takes few words to utter, but it involves much, and is prophetic of more. If Jesuits alone have, at different intervals, deranged the constitution of society, what may they not do when aided by influential and well organized female agency? Let not our countrymen deem the subject unworthy of their investigation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT IS SHE?

To this question it is difficult even now to give a decided and satisfactory answer, having to consider a case which, as far as we know, has had no parallel, and to which no ordinary rules can be applied. Many opinions have been expressed in correspondence, and from these, before offering any additional remarks, we select three. The first is from an eminent minister of the Free Church of Scotland.

"The character and motives of this Marie are certainly a puzzle. I do not think, however, that her tricks were intended *directly* to promote the objects of Jesuits. I am rather inclined to count it a case of idiosyncracy peculiar to the person. There are persons with a great deal of wit and ingenuity, altogether destitute of skill, who cannot live without having their wits exercised. You remark that she could gain her livelihood by teaching with less labour and no danger. But I think that does not prove the existence of a Jesuit object. Two boys have a journey of a few miles to

perform under the direction of a nurse. They leap into a ditch here, and over a wall there, and climb a tree yonder. The nurse lectures, and proves that they can more easily accomplish the journey by walking along the road as she does. True, but the boys have light heels, and elastic muscles, and they take a pleasure in having them exercised. I have known a man, a common labourer, who told stories to his companions every day, all his life; all lies; utterly useless to himself: but he liked the exhilaration of the chase, although he caught nothing. However there are two suppositions, on either of which it is possible that the conduct of Marie was *indirectly* a result of Jesuitism. First, *discipline*, acquiring and proving the capacity for some difficult mission at another time; or, secondly, it might be done in order to produce a case of Protestants being deceived by lying stories about an escaped nun, and to throw discredit on the cases that are real."

A valued and beloved friend of Mr. Luke's, also in the ministry, after describing the excitement which the book has occasioned in his family, writes, "Everybody in our house has a separate theory. Mine is that the whole springs from a GIGANTIC EGOTISM, which could not live without being the object of attention, interest, and sympathy; which would set fire to houses, bleed with leeches, write folios all about her mental peculiarities and pecuniary prospects, in order to become the object of attention, which she would not divide with an innocent child."

The third is from a lady of title and high intelligence, who wrote as a stranger. "I have just finished reading 'The Female Jesuit,' which interested me much. On relating the outline and chief incidents of the work to my husband, he at once suggested an explanation of the entire phenomena, which so greatly puzzled and distressed you, namely, that the whole deception was suggested and carried through by Marie under the influence of 'Simulative Hysteria,' and not at the bidding of the Jesuits or of any other persons.

"I have seen some very singular cases of this disease, in which a course of deception nearly as extraordinary has been carried on for a series of years, to the great delight of the person practising it, and the mystification, grief, and misery of others; and this not alone in the educated and intellectual, but in the ignorant and apparently half-witted.

"A case in which stealing and an inordinate appetite for dry grain, such as sago, &c., came not long since under my notice. In this the actress was a maid of all work, and wrote most romantic letters, well expressed and spelt. She stole books from her employers, and wrote long inscriptions in them, as if they had been presented to her by various persons. Though barely sixteen, she had a lover with whom she corresponded, and whom she induced to steal postage stamps and paper from his employer. She had been brought up in a Sunday school, and had a remarkable knowledge of Scripture, and great readiness in replying

to questions on religious subjects. Many persons who saw her remarked, what a consummate actress she would make.

"I might fill a volume with cases which I have either seen, or of which I have had intimate knowledge through others, in which spasmodic action of various kinds, vomiting of blood, St. Vitus's dance, hydrophobia, blindness, inability to walk, and other deceptions, have been carried on during months, or even years, so as even to deceive skilful surgeons and physicians. Persons possessing these tendencies are often seized upon by mesmerists, either as accomplices in clairvoyance, &c., or to show the curative powers of mesmerism.

"Persons under the influence of simulative hysteria, feel none of the loneliness and isolation in the carrying out of their plots, which a natural state of mind would induce in one who was simply deceiving for an object. In the midst of the family circle they are alone, yet not lonely. They will go on, year after year, carrying on plot after plot, and intrigue after intrigue, passing from hospital to hospital, if poor, or from house to house; ever acting, and ever pleased with their own success in mystifying others; professing to love or to hate as it suits them, going through the most horrible operations, tortures, degradation,—and all for no apparent end but their own gratification."

These extracts will suffice as specimens of the cor-

respondence to which Marie's story has given rise. It is not possible to record the varied opinions, and shades of opinion, which her case has elicited. Men of business pronounce her a swindler; medical men look upon it as an instance of "simulative hysteria;" literary men as an example of idiosyncracy or monomania; many of the clergy believe her to be a Jesuit still; some pious persons consider it a case of Satanic possession; and it is interesting to observe how the track of thought which each class has been accustomed to pursue, directs or modifies the decision of Marie's case.

No one theory appears to meet all the difficulties of the subject. That she was a mere swindler, driven to this course for a home and a livelihood, is disproved by the double fact that she had a comfortable home with her aunt, and that she did not make the most of her advantages in defrauding others, when ample opportunities were presented.

Neither, if an unprofessional person may be allowed to venture an opinion, does the theory of hysteria meet all the complexities of the case. There was no evidence of hysteric disease in the usual collateral symptoms. She never in any one instance, according to the vulgar phrase, "went into hysterics;" and the few artificial sobs which she called up on the occasion of her aunt's pretended death, were not worthy of being called hysterical.

The supposition of idiosyncracy, closely allied to the

hysteric hypothesis, does not in all respects tally with Marie's case; for though there is one propensity stronger than all besides, there are other indications standing out also in bold relief which do not permit the one propensity alone to account for all her movements. Her selfishness, vanity, egotism, ingratitude, revenge, and destitution of all natural affection, are painfully distinct. Nor has she yet brought herself to that pitch at which she would come to believe her own fancies, or succeeded in utterly silencing the voice of conscience, or ceased to be responsible for her actions. The burning blush of shame has been seen to cover her cheek when detected in an evasion: no one has a clearer perception of what is right and wrong than she has; and no one can answer more truthfully, when she finds it will not answer her purpose to tell lies. These indications call for some other explanation of her case than that of single-featured madness.

That Marie had naturally a strong propensity to deception cannot be doubted, and how far parental influence may have fostered rather than checked that tendency, has not been fully ascertained. The most simple explanation which we can attempt to offer is, that hers is a wicked propensity, to which habitual indulgence has added perpetual increasing strength, and which has been not only unchecked, but exulted and rioted in, till it has brought her to the verge of madness.

That there is moral as well as mental madness, per-

haps none will dispute. When the drunkard, surrounded by his starving family, and with all the horrors of "delirium tremens" thick about him, knowing that he is hastening to a madhouse or a grave, still grasps the fatal cup and carries it eagerly to his lips, who will deny that it is moral madness? When any dominant passion to which the accumulated force of long indulged habit has given uncontrollable power, holds its infatuated victim under its sway, in defiance of all considerations of self-interest, it is moral madness.

Seldom, in this world, do we see so full an illustration of the influence of reiterated acts in forming the character, for seldom is the guilty perpetrator of a series of wicked acts allowed to continue his course so long unchecked. The thief speedily finds himself in prison, or, involving himself in violence, comes to an untimely end;—the ambitious man is soon buried beneath the falling ruins of his lofty schemes; and the drunkard dies a martyr to self-indulgence; but, in this case, we see the result of twenty years' indulgence in one besetting sin, and can better form an idea of that depth of wickedness, in which lost spirits, for ever sinning, must for ever sink; or, to look on the brighter side, of that confirmation in holiness, that progress "from glory to glory," which follows its constant exercise in the pure spirits above!

That Marie has, to an unexampled extent, trifled

with religion, renders it the more easy to understand the overpowering mastery which her sinful propensity has obtained. Not only has she refused to call in that assistance which alone could have been sufficient to aid her, but she has turned it into a mockery, and courted the guidance of another spirit, by whom she is now "led captive at his will."

Here we leave the task of elucidating Marie's character to a more qualified hand, and are well pleased to add a few concluding pages from the pen of one in whom we trust the readers of these volumes will have began to share with us some little interest.

(BY THE REV. S. LUKE.)

THERE is one other point of view in which the interests of truth seem to demand that Marie's character should be considered—its moral and religious aspect. That she was not in the ordinary use of the term an impostor—one simply living by her wits, and with no object beyond—that money was not her object, and that swindling was not her profession, is a legitimate conclusion from her whole course.

The extraordinary talent evinced in her plots, and

especially in the composition of the feigned Uncle Clifford's letters in the former volume, would alone place her beyond the circle of ordinary impostors, even were it admitted that her personal advantage was her only motive to intrigue. The "Princess Caraboo," and Miss Smith, of Earl Ferrars' notoriety, to whom it has been suggested that she bears some resemblance, had each a distinct object in view, to be obtained in no other way. Their talent at intrigue was limited to one bold and simply constructed plan; the intrigues of Marie are diversified, and often have no personal advantage in view.

It is necessary then to seek for some other, if not higher, yet stronger, principle of action to account for her varied movements. *One*, cannot fail to strike every reflecting reader of her history—*an intense delight in scheming*. To her it was no laborious toiling for bread or a home: it was a pastime, an enjoyment. When other schemers would have had a brow clouded by anxiety, or a face pale with fear, Marie was easy, smiling, and exulting. Difficulties which would have unnerved other actors, only roused her to new efforts. She attempted her enterprise, not as the rider who braves the fence to gain money, but as the huntsman, finding amusement in his daring experiment, and pleased with his own achievements. Hers was not the nightly plotting of the poacher to gain his livelihood, but the buoyant device of the sportsman, proud of his own success.

It will be seen by the preceding chapter that physiologists, whose inquiries are directed particularly to the relations of physiology and mind, regard her as a study:—presenting a case of ordinary occurrence, as in instances of theft without the temptation of gain, but carried out to a length unparalleled in their experience. It is not the province of a minister of religion to dispute or canvass the theories technically described by the phrase "simulative hysteria;" but, *if admitted*, he sees the development of a natural law wisely permitted by God, in order that man's sin may bring its own punishment.

It is probable, as in the case of different passions in other persons, that there was in Marie a strong tendency to cunning and intrigue; but she has lived in the midst of knowledge and influences which *ought* to have taught her to correct it. She has not even the plea of those who have been taught from childhood, that dishonesty is innocent, and that success in it is a virtue. Instead of resistance, her early passion has been nurtured by indulgence, until its accumulative strength has made it harder to resist. She has been "accustomed to do evil," until she "cannot do well."

There is, however, no evidence that Marie has ever yet set herself to overcome her passion. Her professions of repentance and resolutions of amendment have not simply failed her:—they were so obviously insincere as to insure their failure. What, then, the physiologist ascribes to physical temperament, the Christian will

refer to a sinful nature; while he attributes its augmented power to her wilful, deliberate, and lengthened indulgence. It is a law of our nature, as well as a retributive law of God, that an evil passion indulged shall become its own scourge, and an interposition of his mercy and grace can alone set aside this consequence. The muscles of the human body do not more naturally strengthen by exercise, than do the tendencies of the mind strengthen by action.

But a graver question arises.—How is it that the religious influences with which Marie has been brought in such close contact, have failed to check her? As if to demonstrate the inefficacy of religious associations alone, she has proved them in the simple services of Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Independent Protestantism, and in the more impressive forms of Romish ritualism, and amidst the sombre influences of the Romish confessional. It should be observed, in justice to religion generally, that Marie has never been under its influence; she has never been even a sincere professor. Her only relations to religion have been those of consummate hypocrisy. The baptism of the chapel, and the baptism of the Romish cathedral—the conversations with the Protestant pastor, and the confessions to the Romish Priest—the pious utterances of her letters, the apparent solicitude to decide the wavering or to counsel the afflicted, and the frequent appeals to God on detection, were all assumed and therefore unfelt. No candid mind will charge her duplicity upon religion.

It were surely as unfair and ungenerous, to attribute the acts of the swindler to the class of gentlemen or clergy whose garb he had assumed for his own base purposes. Religion stands clear from the dishonour of Marie's doings, on the obvious grounds that she was a *religious hypocrite.*

That her religious associations failed to influence her, can be easily understood. There is an opinion, that to keep the mind in contact with religious truth, must necessarily restrain even where no change of heart results from it. This is true, but only up to a certain point. Conscience will check, though the heart be unsanctified; but when conscience itself becomes seared, even the restraints of religion lose their power. Forms kept up without feeling fail to influence. When the mind has advanced so far as to trifle with religion, a re-action takes place. The trifler suffers actual deterioration in his soul. He who has come to trifle with God and His truth, has broken away from all restraints. Another man fears: he has lost all fear, and heeds not even those unusual flashes of truth which, like lightning, appal the sinner. The child trembles at the lightning's flash; but when the familiarity of the man and the philosopher has dissipated his childish terror, although he knows more of its real danger, he plays with it until it strikes him. That Marie has long been a deliberate trifler with the Bible, and devotion, and God, solves every mys-

tery in her unparalleled combination of vice with religious associations. Her history will not be in vain, if it act as a beacon-light to warn alike the trifler and the hypocrite.

MARIE'S term of imprisonment is nearly expired, and arrangements have been made, at her own request, by a lady in Bonn, for her temporary admission into a Convent Penitentiary. Fuller information on this point will be given by Mr. Seager.

The conclusion of her history is hidden in the pages of futurity. Imagination shrinks from the effort to pry into the future destiny of this singular being. Are there darker chapters yet to come, chapters which few would wish to read? Is there before her a prolonged existence of soul-consuming agony, of remorse, or madness? Is she to live on as a beacon, warning all of the dangerous rocks among which she has wantonly and wilfully chosen her way? Is she to come to some fearful catastrophe, more sudden and more startling? like the burning ship in its ocean loneliness, beneath a midnight sky: and, after many a prophetic jet of flame, with one signal burst of conflagration, to go out in utter darkness?

Or is she, after having sinned almost beyond the extent of human compassion,—after having dived into the depths of guilt,—and cast aside the feelings of humanity, —and trifled with all holy things,—yet to be spared, and changed, and saved; and to be a living witness of the might and magnitude of Mercy boundless and Divine?

Who that contemplates the fearful alternative for guilt like hers will not breathe a wish for *such* a result?

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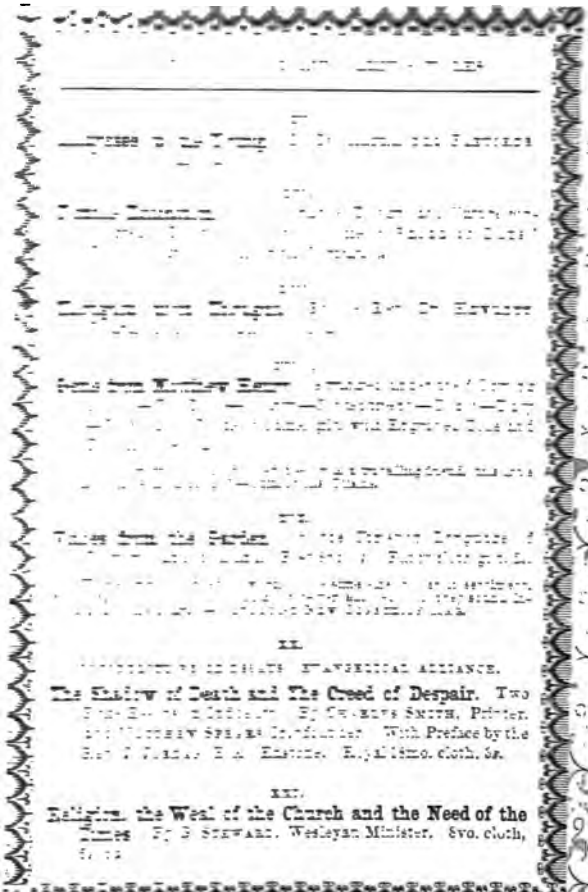

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